



JULY
10¢

TELLER

There is no land
beyond the law
where tyrants rule
with unshakeable power
It's a dream...
From which the evil wake
to face their fate...
...their terrifying hour.

The Sandman

SIMON -
KIRBY

SUPERMAN
SAYS:

**SAYS:
BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!**

HELP NATIONAL DEFENSE

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reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

WESTERN STAR

By Merritt Parmelee Allen

The lure of the unknown—and not the mysterious gold star—was the pulling power that drove Jim Bridger West. He was the second white man to set eyes on the great Yellowstone region.

The other trappers laughed at his stories of giant geysers spouting into the air, of boiling pools and glassy mountains. But Jim knew what he knew—and his trail blazed the way for the great caravans of white men who were to come later.

Savage and brutal was the life of a Rocky Mountain trapper who fought his way up the Missouri and the Yellowstone to the lands of the beaver. For it was not gold that lured these men West—but the riches of the great fur trade.

Courage was not enough to bring a man safely through—it took sharp wits and quick action to outwit the savage tribes of raiding Indians on the one hand and wild animals on the other.

One bit of carelessness—one mistake—might mean a horrible death. They were strong men who fought the hostile Indians and the terrors of the unknown wilderness to carry the white man's trade to the Great Salt Lake.

This is a stirring and thrilling new story of real adventure.

You'll find it at your library.

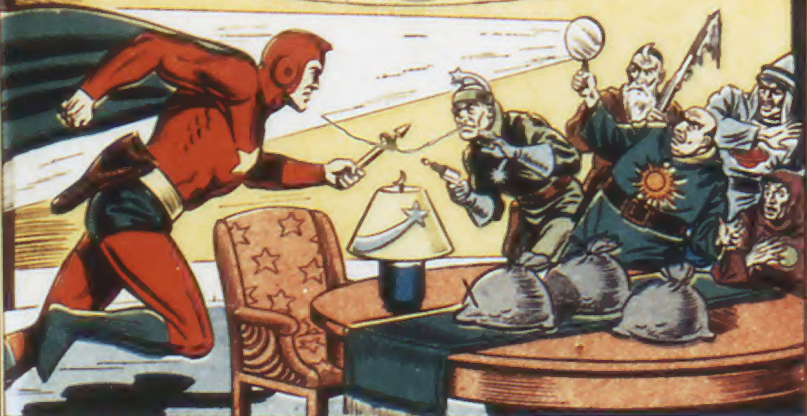
SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Saturn No. 5)

JAJWD GTSI DTZ GZD GQZSYX YMJ FC TK
YMJ FCNXI

STARMAN

by
JACK
BURNLEY



THE HEAVENS SPLIT OPEN AND SPEW FORTH EVIL GENIUS THAT THREATENS THE SANITY OF A WORLD! RED AND FIERY, A NEW CRIME MASTER, THE "SUN" TAKES COMMAND OVER AS STRANGE AN ORBIT OF SATELLITES THAT EVER PLOTTED EVIL, SPREADING TERROR UNTIL STARMAN AND HIS GRAVITY ROD UPSET THEIR FIENDISH ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATIONS!

IN AN UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT THAT THEY CALL "THE UNIVERSE," THE SUN CONFERES WITH HIS SATELLITES, THE MOON, COMET, SATURN AND MERCURY!

NOBODY KNOWS WE'RE THE MORONI GANG, SEE? WE GOT THESE SWELL WEAPONS FROM THAT

SURE! DIDN'T HE INVENT THAT ROCKET-SHIP WE'RE GOING TO USE?

AND OUR WEAPONS AS WELL?

PROFESSOR- HE DIDN'T KNOW THE HEAT WAS ON US WHEN HE TOOK US INTO THIS SECRET LAYOUT WHERE HE WORKED!

IT WAS TOUGH FOR HIM HE PASSED OUT, SEE? BUT IT'S OUR GOOD LUCK FROM NOW ON, THE MORONI GANG IS THE SUN AND HIS SATELLITES! NOW LET'S GET BUSY! THE COPS ARE AFTER US SO WE'LL PRETEND TO BE INTERPLANETARY ROBBER!



MOMENTS LATER, ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY--

HEY, THE
CEILING!
IT'S
MELTING
AWAY!

WHAT
GOES
ON?



A DOOR CLANGS OPEN--THE MOON LEAPS FORTH
THE UTTER COLDNESS OF INTERSTELLAR
SPACE COVERS THE GUARDS WITH ICE!

NOT MARS-- BUT THE MOON,
WITH MY COLD-GUN THAT
FREEZES EVERYTHING IT
TOUCHES!



BEFORE NUESTRUCK EYES
THE CEILING MELTS AWAY
AND A ROCKET-SHAPED
SHIP FLOATS DOWN
INTO THE BANK--

YEEOW!
IT'S THEM
MEN FROM
MARS!



WE'LL TRY MY SOLAR
POWER TO OPEN
THAT DOOR!
AH, IT'S
MELTING
ALREADY!



WHEN THEY FIND
WHAT WE'VE DONE
TO THIS BANK THEY'LL
THINK AN EARTHQUAKE
STRUCK HERE!



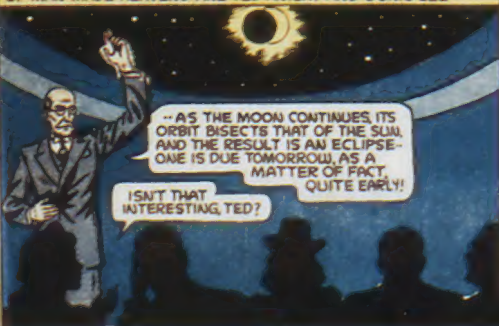
A
SEARING
ROCKET
BLAST
SHAKES THE BUILDING, AS
THE STRANGE VEHICLE
RISES INTO THE DARK NIGHT--



THIS DON'T
LOOK LIKE
NO RADIO
BROADCAST!
INVADERS
FROM
SPACE!



NOT FAR FROM THE WRECKED BUILDING STANDS THE CITY PLANETARIUM--INSIDE, ENJOYING THE GLAMOROUS SPECTACLE OF MAN-MADE HEAVENS ARE TED KNIGHT AND DORIS LEE--



--AS THE MOON CONTINUES ITS ORBIT BISECTS THAT OF THE SUN, AND THE RESULT IS AN ECLIPSE--ONE IS DUE TOMORROW, AS A MATTER OF FACT, QUITE EARLY!

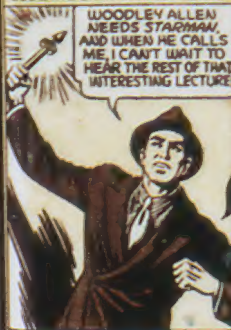
ISN'T THAT INTERESTING, TED?



TED! NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER?

STARING UP ALL THIS TIME AT THE SKY SORT OF GAVE ME A HEADACHE--I'LL RUN OUTSIDE--BE ALL RIGHT IN A MINUTE!

IN THE SHADOWS OF A NEARBY VACANT LOT, TED HOLDS THE GLOWING GRAVITY ROD ALOFT--



WOODLEY ALLEN NEEDS STARMAN, AND WHEN HE CALLS ME, I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR THE REST OF THAT INTERESTING LECTURE!

THE ASTRAL MAN ONCE AGAIN TAKES UP THE SKY TRAIL, AS HE SETS FORTH TO THE LONELY MEETING PLACE WHERE ALLEN AWAITS HIM--



THE GRAVITY ROD USES THE POWER OF THE STARS' COSMIC RAYS TO CARRY ME THRU SPACE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT!

AT THE MOUNTAIN CABIN--

I KNOW IT'S INCREDIBLE! THE COP WHO REPORTED IT WAS LAUGHED AT--BUT YOU CAN'T LAUGH OFF THAT WRECKED BUILDING!



SOME-BODY DID IT--I'LL TRY AND FIND OUT WHO THAT SOMEONE IS!

FLYING AS THE LIGHT FROM THE STARS, THE ASTRAL MAN SWOOPS ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY--WITHIN A FEW MOMENTS HE IS AT THE SHATTERED BANK ITSELF--



GREAT HEAT HAS BEEN APPLIED TO THIS MARBLE--ROCKET BLASTS WOULD DO IT!

THEN THAT POLICE OFFICER TOLD THE TRUTH! IT WAS A ROCKET SHIP!



ALL I HAVE TO LOOK FOR IS A PLACE LARGE ENOUGH TO HOUSE IT, AND THAT ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY!

A SCORCHED PLOT OF GRASS NEAR CARROLL MOUNTAIN ATTRACTS THE KEEN EYES OF THE ASTRAL MAN.

BURNED GRASS! IF ROCKET JETS WERE USED TO START THE SHIP, THEY'D BE USED TO STOP IT, TOO!



THE GRAVITY ROD MELTS THE HUGE DOOR LIKE WAX—AND WITHIN, STARMAN FINDS—

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE ROCKET SHIP!



A CONCEALED DOORWAY! A HANGAR UNDER THE MOUNTAIN! AN IDEAL HANGOUT!



VOICES—NOT FAR AWAY! THIS IS ONE CASE I MANAGED TO BREAK WIDE OPEN RIGHT AT THE BEGINNING!



HERE'S WHERE YOU GO INTO AN ECLIPSE, BROTHER!

STOP HIM!




HERE'S WHERE THE SUN SEES STARS!



I'LL FREEZE YOU TO AN ICEBERG!

THAT'S NOT SUCH A HOT IDEA!






SUPPOSE I THAW
YOU OUT, INSTEAD?

OH!!



A BRILLIANT BEAM OF LIGHT
FROM THE SLAY'S MIRROR-GUN
BATHES STARMAN IN A WEIRD
PARALYZING FLARE!

THAT MADMAN'S
GOT TO BE
STOPPED AND
I CAN DO IT!



WHAT'LL THE TABLE
STAKES BE, CHUM?

(I-I-
CAN'T
MOVE-)

BY MY USE OF SOLAR ENERGY
I CAN PARALYZE, KILL OR
BLAST ANY PERSON OR
THING TO ATOMS! I HAVE
GIVEN YOU A TASTE OF MY
WEAPON SO YOU MAY
REALIZE HOW DANGEROUS
AN OPPONENT I AM!



THE
MOON
IS A
FROZEN
WORLD-
SO I
USE
ICE
AS A
WEAPON!

THE MOON TOSSES A
BURNING MATCH INTO
THE AIR AND HIS
ZERO-GUN BLANKETS
THE MATCH IN ICE!

MEET THE MOON! HE'S
THE PROUD INVENTOR OF
A WEAPON THAT SHOOTS
SHEER COLD AND
ENCASES ANY
OBJECT AT WHICH
IT IS AIMED--
INICE!



MY RINGS CAN HOLD
ANY PERSON
HELPLESS!

THE PLANET
HE IS
NAMED
FOR HAS A
RING, SO
SATURN
USES STEEL
RINGS AS
WEAPONS!

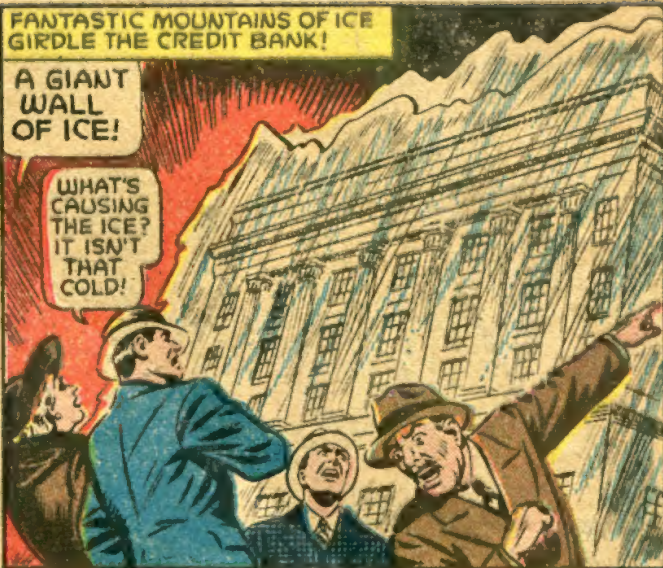


THE MOON AIMS AN ICE-CANNON AT THE CREDIT BANK BUILDING BELOW!



NO ONE WILL GET PAST THIS ICE BARRIER WITHOUT BLASTING IT, AND BY THAT TIME WE'LL BE FAR AWAY!

FANTASTIC MOUNTAINS OF ICE GIRDLE THE CREDIT BANK!



A GIANT WALL OF ICE!

WHAT'S CAUSING THE ICE? IT ISN'T THAT COLD!

ON HER WAY HOME FROM THE PLANETARIUM, DORIS LEE SIGHTS THE MIGHTY BARRIER--



ALL OF A SUDDEN I LOOK UP AND THERE IT IS!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

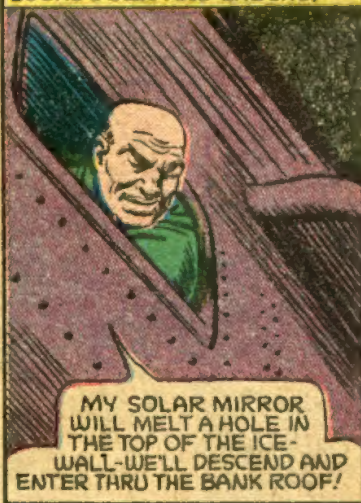
FRANTIC EMERGENCY SQUADS LANCE ACETYLENE TORCHES AT THE AMAZINGLY HARD ICE!



WE'RE JUST ABOUT DENTING IT!

NEVER SAW SUCH HARD ICE BEFORE!

WHILE ABOVE, IN THE GREAT ROCKET SHIP THE SUN LOOKS DOWN AND LAUGHS!



MY SOLAR MIRROR WILL MELT A HOLE IN THE TOP OF THE ICE-WALL-WE'LL DESCEND AND ENTER THRU THE BANK ROOF!

INSIDE THEIR MOON-FORMED BARRIER, THE SUN AND HIS SATELLITES LAND THEIR SHIP-SATURN AND MERCURY OVERCOME THE GUARDS.



COME AHEAD! RESISTANCE IS PRACTICALLY ALL OVER HERE!

THEY OUGHT TO GIVE ME PRIZES FOR MY MARKSMANSHIP!

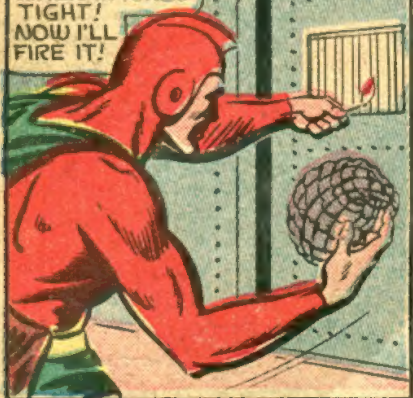
DON'T WASTE TIME! WE'RE NOT IN ANY DANGER, BUT THERE'S NO HARM IN WORKING EFFICIENTLY!

WE'LL HAVE THIS STUFF LOADED IN THE SHIP IN A JIFFY!



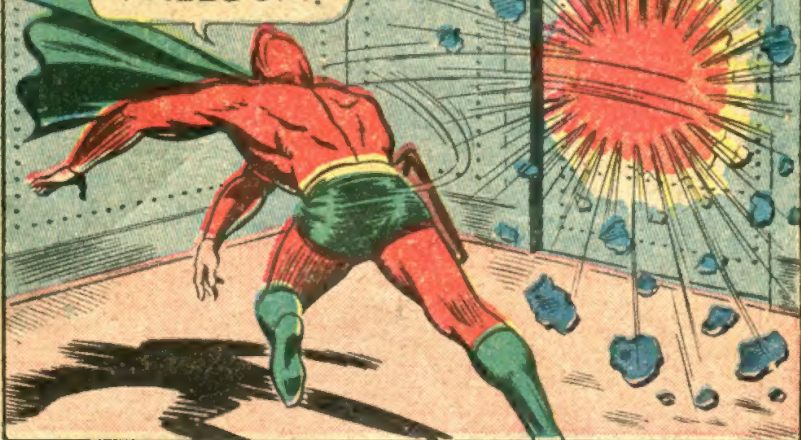
MEANWHILE, STARMAN HAS TWISTED THE WASTE BASKET AROUND THE CRUMPLED CARDS--

PLAYING CARDS WITH CELLULOSE IN THEIR STRUCTURE. MAKE A GOOD EXPLOSIVE WHEN PACKED TIGHT! NOW I'LL FIRE IT!



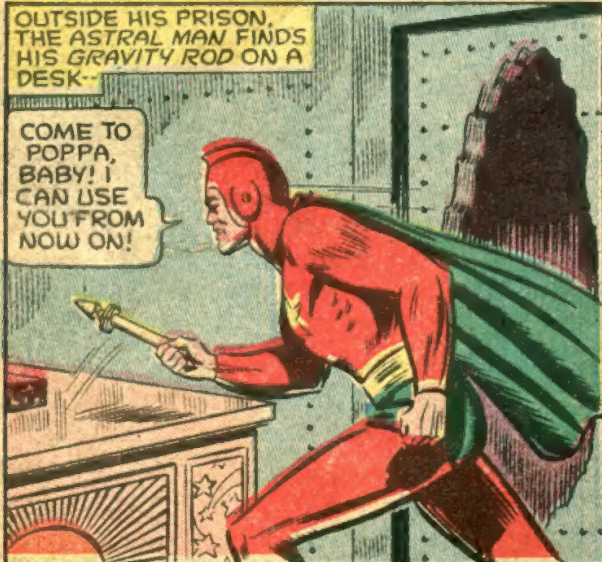
HE HURLS THE "BASKET BOMB" AGAINST THE STEEL DOOR WITH TERRIFIC FORCE--A TREMENDOUS BLAST SHATTERS THE BARRIER--

FREEDOM!



OUTSIDE HIS PRISON, THE ASTRAL MAN FINDS HIS GRAVITY ROD ON A DESK--

COME TO POPPA, BABY! I CAN USE YOU FROM NOW ON!



RACING THROUGH THE TUNNEL THAT LEADS TO THE MOUNTAIN EXIT, HE SEES THE SUN AND HIS SATELLITES RETURNING--

I CAN SEE DAYLIGHT AT THE TUNNEL'S EXIT--IT'S DAWN! MY GRAVITY ROD IS USELESS IN THE DAYTIME!



STARMAN HAS BROKEN LOOSE! GO GET HIM, MEN!

I'LL SEAR HIM TO CINDERS WITH MY FLAME GUN!

(IT'S MY FISTS AGAINST THEIR WEAPONS)

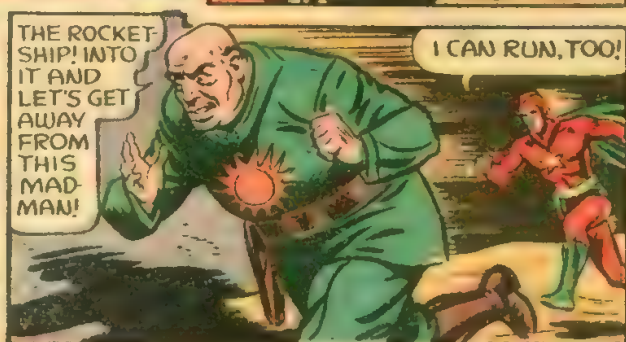
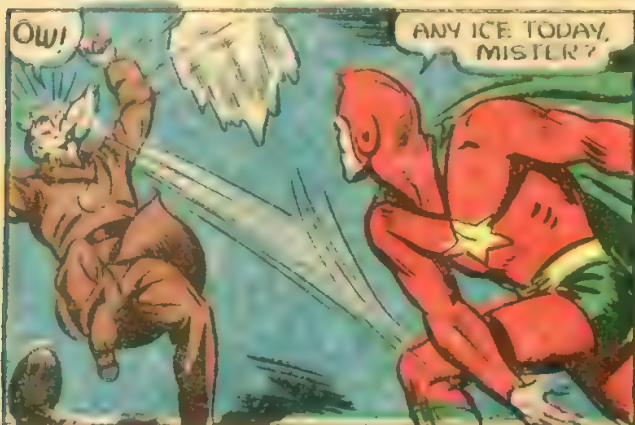


I'M NOT IN A JOKING MOOD, BUT HERE'S WHERE I DO A LITTLE RIB-TICKLING!

OOF!

MIGHTY LEGS DRIVE FORWARD AS THE ASTRAL MAN SLAMS RIB-SMASHING BODY BLOWS!





BEHIND THE FLEEING FIGURES, THE MOON SLOWLY OPENS DAZED EYES-- HE REACHES FOR HIS ICE-GUN--

HELP!

STARMAN WON'T RUN VERY FAR!

COLD AIR STABS OUT AT STARMAN! ICE BLOCKS FORM ON HIS FEET--

THAT MOON GUY COULD MAKE A FORTUNE IF IT WEREN'T FOR REFRIGERATORS!

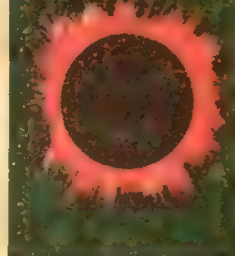


HELPLESS, THE ASTRAL MAN IS BATTERED BY RINGS AND VAPORS!

SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS GAS, STARMAN!

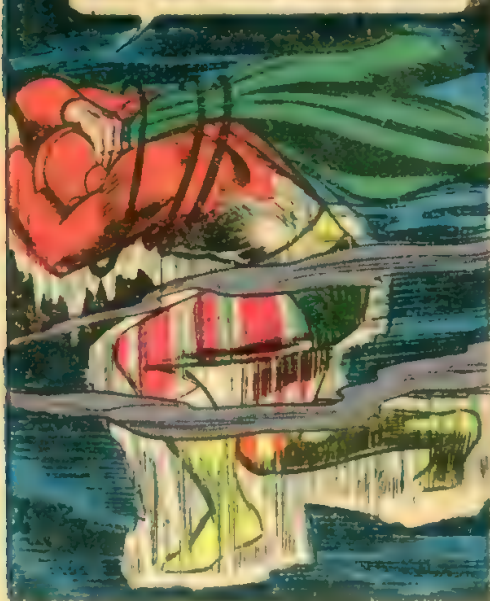
IT'S OUR TURN, NOW!

HIGH IN THE HEAVENS ABOVE, THE PREDICTED ECLIPSE OF THE SUN BY THE MOON COMES TO PASS--



AS HE STRUGGLES VAINLY, THE ICY ENVELOPE MOUNTS TO HIS CHEST--

CAN'T HOLD OUT--AGAINST THAT GAS--AND THOSE RINGS!

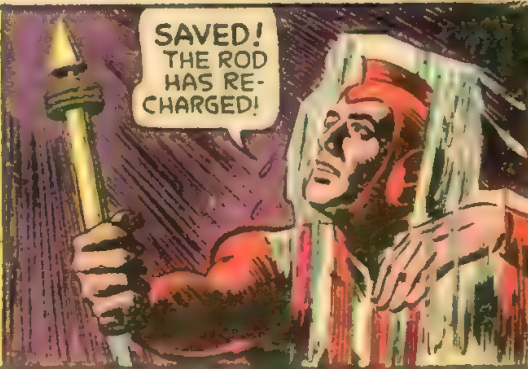


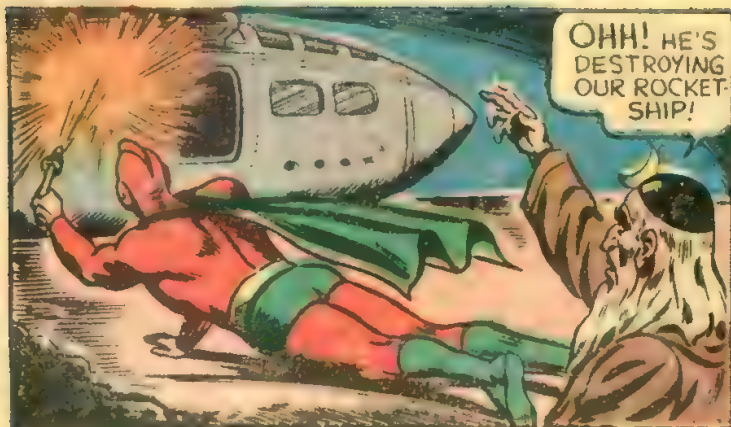
GUESS I'M DONE IN--THE ICE HAS COVERED ME--



AS HE FALLS FORWARD, HIS ROD QUIVERS WITH RENEWED VIGOR, AS THE ECLIPSE FREES THE ASTRAL POWER OF THE DISTANT STARS FLOODING THE ROD WITH ENERGY-- UNDER ITS GLOW, THE ICE QUICKLY MELTS--

SAVED! THE ROD HAS RE-CHARGED!





OHH! HE'S DESTROYING OUR ROCKET-SHIP!



A BOLT FROM MY ROD WILL TAKE CARE OF THE MOON'S ICE-CUBE SHOOTER!

MY GUN!

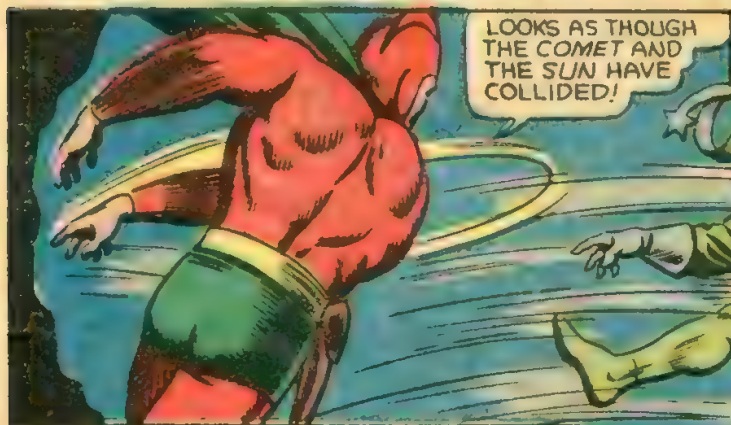


THAT DESTROYS YOUR WEAPONS-- NOW IT'LL BE FISTS AGAINST FISTS!



...AND HEAD AGAINST HEAD!

OW!



LOOKS AS THOUGH THE COMET AND THE SUN HAVE COLLIDED!

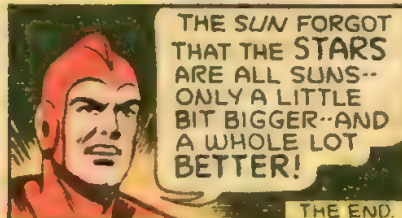


UGH!

STARMAN SEALS UP THE MOUNTAIN HANGAR--



NOBODY'LL EVER USE THAT PLACE AGAIN!



THE SUN FORGOT THAT THE STARS ARE ALL SUNS-- ONLY A LITTLE BIT BIGGER--AND A WHOLE LOT BETTER!

THE END.

STARMAN ONCE AGAIN ECLIPSES A MONARCH OF MURDER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ADVENTURE COMICS, WHEN A NEW PRINCE OF PLUNDER LOOMS ON THE HORIZON!

ADVENTURE
COMICS
presents

THE

MILLION DOLLAR
ORPHAN

STARRING...

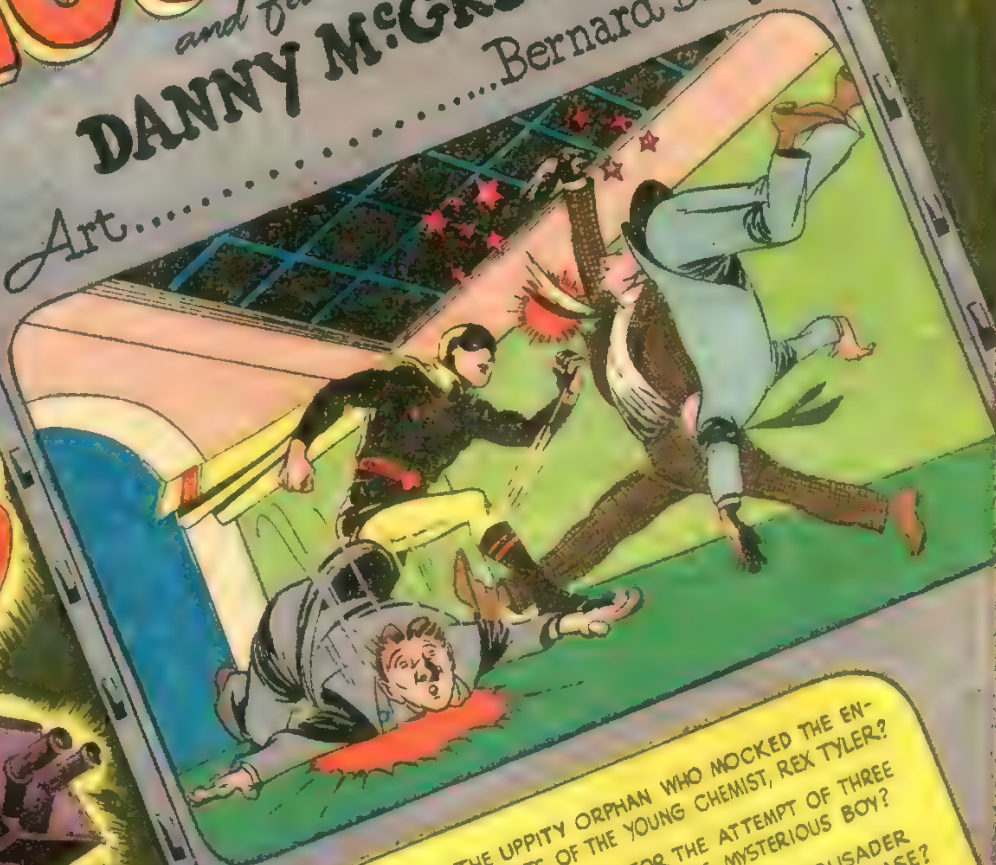
HOUR MAN

and featuring

DANNY MCGREW

.....Bernard Bailly

Art.....



WHO WAS THE UPPITY ORPHAN WHO MOCKED THE ENTERTAINMENT EFFORTS OF THE YOUNG CHEMIST, REX TYLER?
WHAT WAS THE REASON FOR THE ATTEMPT OF THREE UNDERWORLD THUGS TO "ADOPT" THIS MYSTERIOUS BOY?
WHEN DID HOURMAN, SIXTY-MINUTE CRUSADER AGAINST CRIME, SMASH INTO THIS STRANGE CASE?
WHY DID DANNY MCGREW REFUSE TO BE RESCUED?
FIND THE ANSWERS IN THE AMAZING ADVENTURE OF—
The MILLION DOLLAR ORPHAN

QUIET

AT THE ORPHANAGE REX TYLER ENTERTAINS THE CITY'S LONESOME CHARGES WITH A CHEMICAL EXHIBIT ---



IF YOU BOYS WILL WATCH CLOSELY, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE SULPHURIC ACID....!



GEE!

TERRIFIC!!!

ONLY ONE OF THE MANY CHILDREN IS UNIMPRESSED..



AWW THIS IS BALONEY! YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU GUYS GET A KICK OUT OF THIS KID STUFF?!

THAT'S THE NEW KID..

HEY, M'GREW, SIT DOWN!



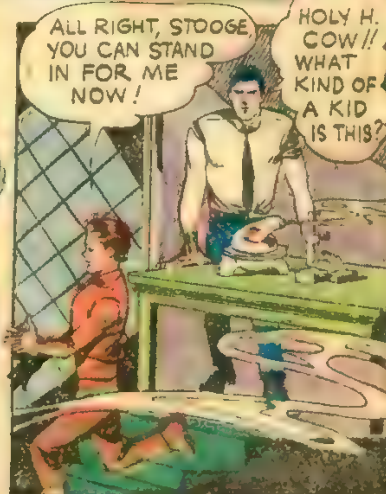
IF YOU KIDS WANT TO SEE REAL STUFF, WATCH THIS.. MY OWN FORMULA FOR NEOBUTYRIXPYRRODIC HYDROXIDE!

HEY!

A SHATTERING EXPLOSION ROCKS THE ORPHANAGE !!



VERY INTERESTING, ISN'T IT? MUCH BETTER THAN MGM'S SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE!



ALL RIGHT, STOOGE YOU CAN STAND IN FOR ME NOW!

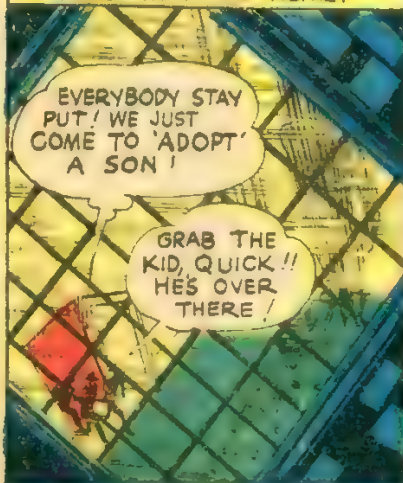
HOLY H. COW!! WHAT KIND OF A KID IS THIS?



BOY... YOU'RE JUST A GRADE B QUICKIE!

ER... WELL AS I WAS SAYING... THIS IS THE WAY TO MAKE SULPH....

BUT AS THE LECTURE CONTINUES, THREE GRIM SPECTATORS BURST INTO THE HOME!



EVERYBODY STAY PUT! WE JUST CAME TO 'ADOPT' A SON!

GRAB THE KID, QUICK!! HE'S OVER THERE!

AS TYLER ATTEMPTS TO INTERFERE..



YOU KIDS TELL EVERYBODY NOT TO WORRY...! WE LOVE CHILDREN... SO WE GONE AND ADOPTED DANNY M'GREW!

LEGGO OF ME, YOU HAMS!

IN DESPERATION, REX TYLER HURLS A VIAL OF CHEMICALS AT THE DEPARTING THUGS...



CONFOUND THEM!... I PROMISED THE ORPHANAGE OFFICIALS I'D TAKE CARE OF THE KIDS!



WHAT A BREAK! THAT RADIANT POTASSIUM WILL LEAVE A TRAIL FOR ME TO FOLLOW!!

INSIDE THE KIDNAPPERS' CAR...



LET GO OF ME, YOU BIG PUNKS!

GEE...THIS KID IS LIKE A HUNK O' DYNAMITE...! KEEP QUIET... YOU BRAT!

OW! GWAN TELL THE KID THIS IS A SNATCH!

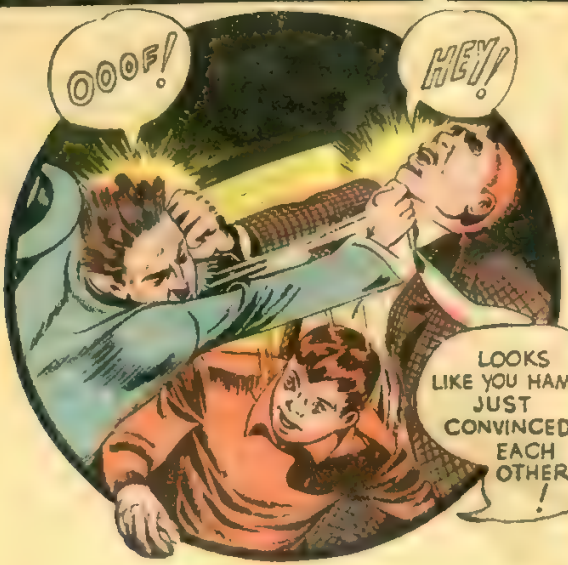


WE'LL EXPLAIN ALL RIGHT... WITH A PAIR OF FISTS!!



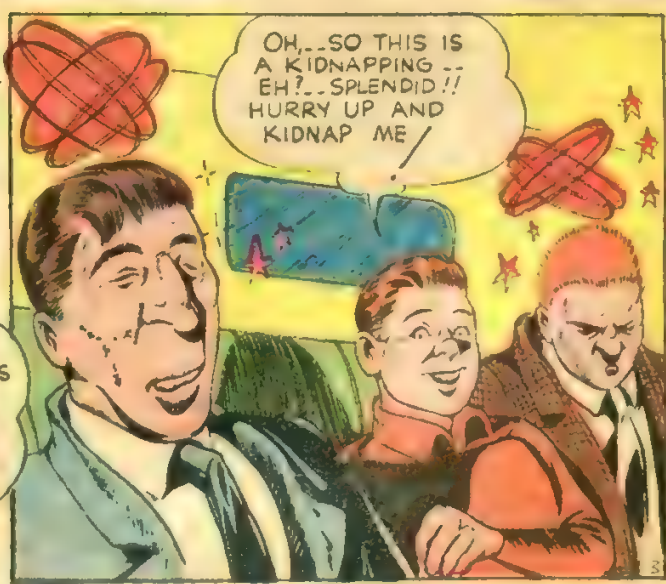
OOOF!

HEY!



LOOKS LIKE YOU HAMS JUST CONVINCED EACH OTHER!

OH...SO THIS IS A KIDNAPPING -- EH?...SPLENDID!! HURRY UP AND KIDNAP ME!



MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF THE 'YOUNG
CHÉMIST.

UNDER THE MYSTERIOUS POWER-
GIVING RAYS OF *MIRACLO*--REX TYLER
BECOMES **HOURLMAN!**---

I'VE GOT EXACTLY AN
HOUR TO RESCUE THAT
BOY AND KEEP MY
PROMISE TO THE
ORPHANAGE
OFFICIALS!

I'LL FOLLOW THE LUMINOUS
LINE AND IT'S SURE TO
LEAD ME TO A TRIO
OF THUGS!!

SO THEY'VE
GOT THE BOY
IN THAT EMPTY
BASEBALL PARK.
...THAT'S
ONE STRIKE
ON THEM!

THE SOUND OF VOICES IS PICKED
UP BY THE KEEN EARS OF
HOURLMAN---

THEY'RE IN
THERE, ALL
RIGHT!

ENTRANCE
→

HOURLMAN

DON'T BE
FRIGHTENED,
MCGREW...
I'LL GET YOU
OUT OF THIS...!

STRIKE
THREE--!
ONE OUT!

TWO
OUT--ONE
TO GO!

BONG!

HEY--
THIS GUY
PUNCHES
LIKE A
BARN
DOOR!!



FROM UNSUSPECTED QUARTERS COMES
AN UNEXPECTED BLOW!



WHO
IS THIS
STRANGE BOY
WHO REFUSES
TO BE
SAVED?

TAKE HIM INSIDE AND
TIE HIM UP!... LET'S GET
ON WITH THIS
KIDNAPPING!

GOLLY!
THE KID LAID
HIM OUT!!
WHAT A
CHUMP!!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF
THIS TIN-HORN HERO...
HURRY UP AND WRITE
A RANSOM NOTE!

AW.. SHUT-UP! WE'RE
WRITIN' IT! DO YOU
THINK FIFTY GRAND
WOULD BE TOO MUCH
TO ASK FOR, JOEY?

FIFTY GRAND! FIFTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS! IS THAT ALL? WHY,
I'M WORTH A MILLION, YOU
CHEAP-SKATES! GET OUT
OF THE WAY! I'LL
WRITE THAT NOTE,
YOU FOOLS!

THE STRANGE MILLION DOLLAR
ORPHAN WRITES HIS OWN
RANSOM LETTER..

I'VE ASKED FOR A MILLION!
HERE, TAKE THIS MESSAGE
TO THE 'DAILY HERALD'. TELL
THEM THEY CAN KEEP
THE AUTOGRAPH!



AN ORPHAN WORTH A MILLION
DOLLARS! STRANGE... BUT TRUE
--- WHY ???

OKAY, I'LL
TAKE IT!
YOU GUYS
STAY HERE
AND GUARD
THE BRAT!

NOT ME! I
DONT WANT
TO BE
LEFT
WITH HIM!

ME
NEITHER.
HE'S
POISON!



LEAVE HIM
TIED UP.. WHERE
HE'LL BE SAFE
AND
HARMLESS

OKAY THEN. WE'LL
TAKE THE
BRAT WITH
US!!

YEAH! BUT
WHAT DO WE DO
WITH
HOURMAN?

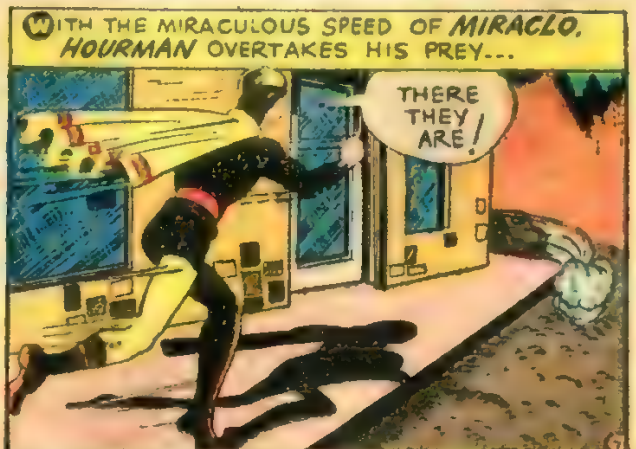
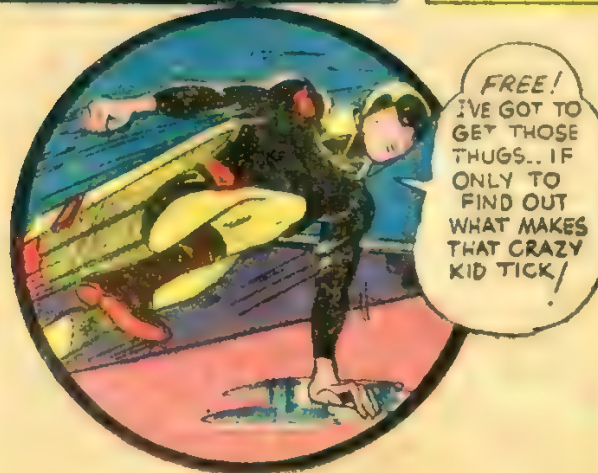


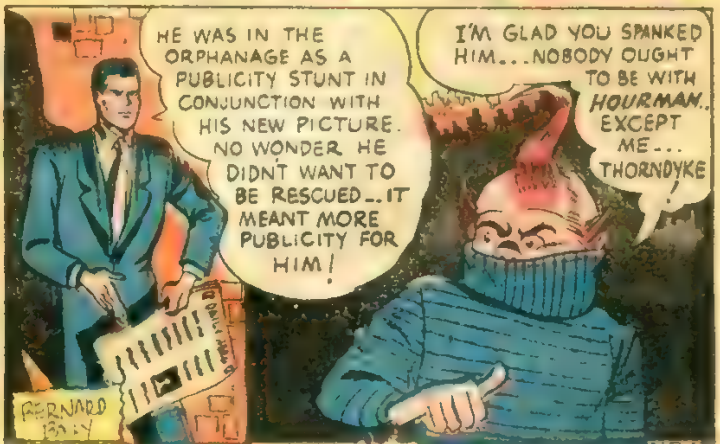
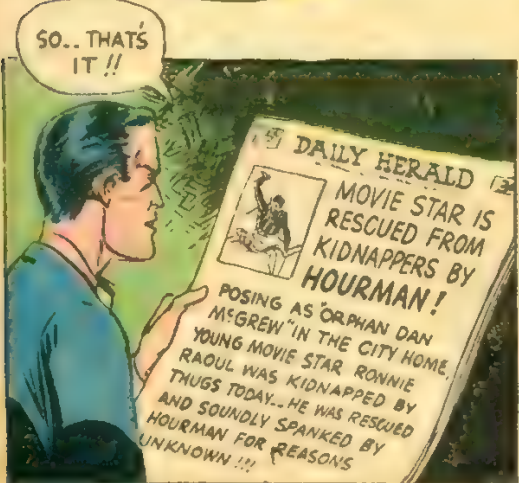
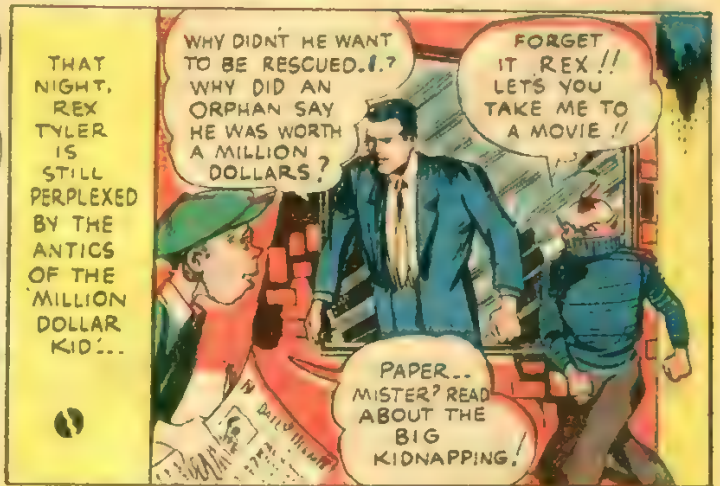
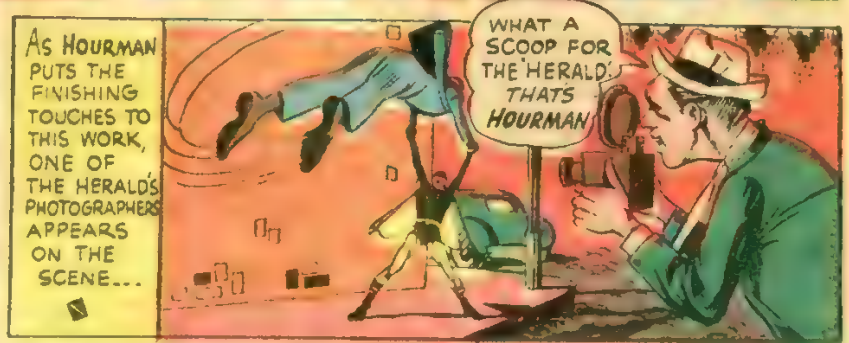
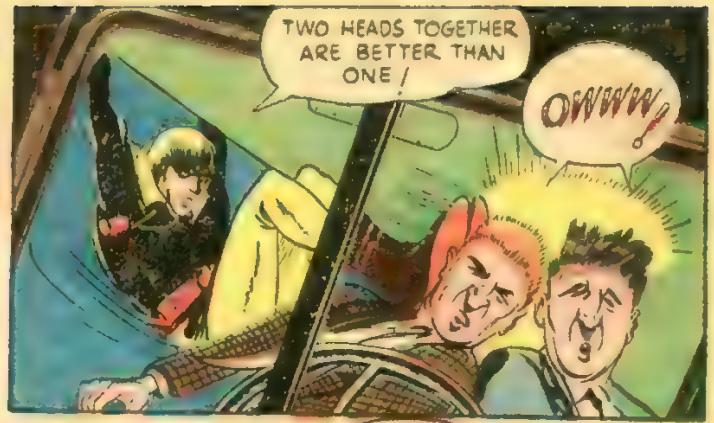
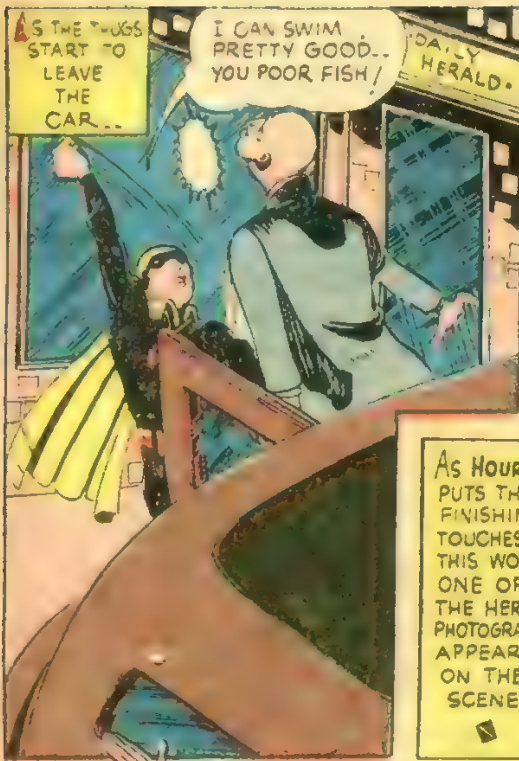


AGAINST THE THUNDERING PRESSURE, **HOURLMAN** THRUSTS THE WOODEN PLANK INTO THE VENT...



DEFLECTED BY THE BOARD THE GEYSER OF WATER GUSHES HARMLESSLY OUTSIDE THE TANK...





EAGLE EYE

by Edgar Weston

IT WAS purely a matter of opinion. On the one hand, Sergeant Thorpe had two bars to his expert rifleman's medal and he was excellent at estimating distance. But try telling that to Corporal Pratt, who although a sharpshooter only, was convinced his eye was every bit as good as Thorpe's.

Now, resting between forays on this Pacific island, the men chuckled gleefully as Sergeant Thorpe's angry voice rose.



"You may have a good eye, as you claim, Corporal," he declared, "but you know your weak points are a thousand yards slow fire and two hundred rapid."

Corporal Pratt winced. There was no denying the Sergeant's opinions, not unless action could be had. For months now, he had been forced to listen to the Sergeant. But deep down in his heart, Pratt felt that there'd come a time when his sun would be in the ascendent. He opened his mouth, intending to remind Thorpe of the time he had inadvertently shot into a bee hive.

Suddenly, the men sprang to attention. It was Captain Richards. Immediately, the nerves of every man in the detachment tensed. They had been awaiting further orders. GHQ must have decided the course to be pursued.



Corporal Pratt listened intently as the Captain issued the orders. The little yellow devils they had been pursuing were about to have a trap set for them. A glow of pride surged through Pratt as the Captain informed him that the Corporal and Sergeant Thorpe, being crack marksmen would patrol

a long wooded swale, near operations base. The rest of the detachment would make a detour, leaving outposts at strategic points. The movement would take about two days.

"And," the Captain added—a suggestion of a twinkle in his eyes as he spoke to Thorpe and Pratt—"you two snipers be careful. Don't engage any large force."

A large force! Corporal Pratt stole a glance at his corpulent sidekick. "That's the only large force I'd like to engage," he said to himself, meanwhile saying aloud, "Yes, sir" to the Captain.

Within an hour they were alone, Pratt and Thorpe. Like good soldiers, they knew their business and now, hidden in a clump of wild rice, behind a fallen mahogany they kept their eyes glued on the country below them. Overhead, the skies were clear and blue, but it was unlikely that enemy planes would penetrate this far. The enemy believed that his Tatori, the raider troops of Nippon, would easily wrest control of the island.

For hours they lay there, scarcely speaking, their eyes warily watching the surrounding countryside. It was no secret that the enemy had managed to gain a foothold on a beach-head miles away. The trick was to bring him out in the open.

Corporal Pratt turned, looked at Sergeant Thorpe, from whose lips a sigh escaped. "You know, Pratt," Thorpe said, "I think I'd rather be hiking with the gang." He sighed again. "I don't think we'll see any action here." Then, his eyes hardening, "but I'd sure love to take a pot shot at one of them yellow men."

Pratt stiffened, his lips compressed to a thin line. A faint movement ahead of him had caught his eye. There had been but the barest fraction of sun glinting on metal.

"Sarge," he said "There's somebody ahead of us!"

Instantly, Thorpe's body tightened. His eyes fastened on the spot Pratt indicated. Then he grinned. "Five hundred yards," he said. "A sure thing."



There were two of them, creeping along warily, in their hands short-barrelled, light rifles. In the lenses of Thorpe's binocular, they were just creeping out of the tangled underbrush as though to look around.

"Six hundred yards," Pratt whispered. Excitement coursed through his body. What was the matter with the Sarge, estimating the distance at six?

"Five hundred." Thorpe was setting the sights of his gun. He wasn't thinking now that perhaps the two invaders were an advance guard. It annoyed him that Pratt, a mere sharpshooter, should contest the judgment of an expert rifleman with two bars on his badge. He frowned in disapproval as Pratt said, "six hundred and not a foot less. And I'll bet my badge on it."



Thorpe glared at him with one eye. The other watched the invaders. "Now look here, Corporal, you forget I'm in command."

But Pratt wasn't to be denied. "I'll show you," he said, "there's only two of them." His excitement communicated itself to Thorpe, who suddenly crowd-

ed a clip into his magazine, and checked the leaf. Five hundred.

"Okay, wise guy," he grinned at Pratt. "You'll clip twigs behind 'em, but I'll get 'em."

Pratt grunted. His voice droned: "Two . points right windage for mirage, and twenty-five yards less elevation for light and heat." The corrections made, he sprawled himself out alongside Thorpe.

They fired together, taking a man apiece. Then their two pair of eyes blinked for ahead of them they saw a spurt of dirt in front of each intended victim. Instantly, their quarry vanished.

It was Pratt who spoke first, wonder and surprise in his voice. "Well, I'll be a plugged Marine," he said. "I must have wobbled because I know my range was right."

Thorpe looked at him. Ordinarily, there'd have been nothing but scorn in his voice. But now all he could say was, "Me, too." For an instant he looked covertly around, then remembered that nobody would have been watching. Finally, he found his voice and the minutes passed as he pointed out trees and landmarks and made estimates on everything in the country.



Surprised, he listened to Pratt agreeing on everything except the range. On this the Corporal was adamant. "I'm telling you, Sarge," he raged, "they'd never have gotten away if the range was right. Now we'll never find them. They've probably run halfway to Tokio."

"Range nothing," Thorpe scoffed. "Hey, what are you doing?"

Pratt had gotten to his feet. "There's only one way to prove this," he said. "Our orders is to patrol, so I'm not leaving post if I step off the distance. You watch me." He turned, then sat down suddenly.

"Ping!" From the underbrush came the shot.

The Marines exchanged glances. It was all too plain now, what had happened. Their shots had stirred up the nest of Tatori for whom the two yellow men had been the advance guard.



The next moment brought noisy confirmation of this. Bullets bounced in front of them, burrowed into the mahogany tree behind which they had been sniping. For a half hour, Pratt and Thorpe lay close, checking the rifle fire and sensing the advance of the enemy.

Another ten minutes passed, the firing drawing closer. Pratt's face was tensed, the muscles in it standing out. His mind was busy with the plan that had come to it. Yes, it was an old plan, but maybe it would work. He had heard of the enemy's complete cowardice in the face of surprise. He turned to Thorpe.

"Sarge," he said, hoarsely, "I've had enough of their music—I'm going to break into the chorus." In an instant he was on his feet, clutching at his cartridge belt.

"Hey!" Thorpe cried, surprised. "Get down here!"

"Nothing doing." The smoke of battle was heady now in Pratt's nose. This was the chance for which he had been waiting. "Sarge," he said. "Come on and let's charge them. I've got an idea!"

"You're crazy!" Thorpe reached for him. Then his hand fell from Pratt's arm as he heard his sidekick say, "It's our only chance. We can't retreat, we can't stay here. They've got no idea how many we are. Don't you see, they'll figure we're an advance guard, too!"



Thorpe's eyes lighted and he leaped to his feet, following Pratt's roar of "Charge." The Corporal's arm was raised, as though urging men forward. "Charge!" the Sergeant yelled

behind him.

They could see the enemy plainly now, little men moving in cautious lines, spraying bullets all around the two Marines, who seemed to bear a charmed life.

"Charge!" Pratt roared again. The gun was hot in his hands with rapid fire. And then, for a split second, he paused. What had he fancied behind him? A cheer. More fire!

Something was happening to the enemy. They were beginning to break and run. Into Pratt's ears came Thorpe's below. "Hey, look——" His excited fingers pointed to the detachment of khaki-clad Marines who had materialized from the wood, a patrol drawn there by the sound of fire. And with them was Captain Richards.

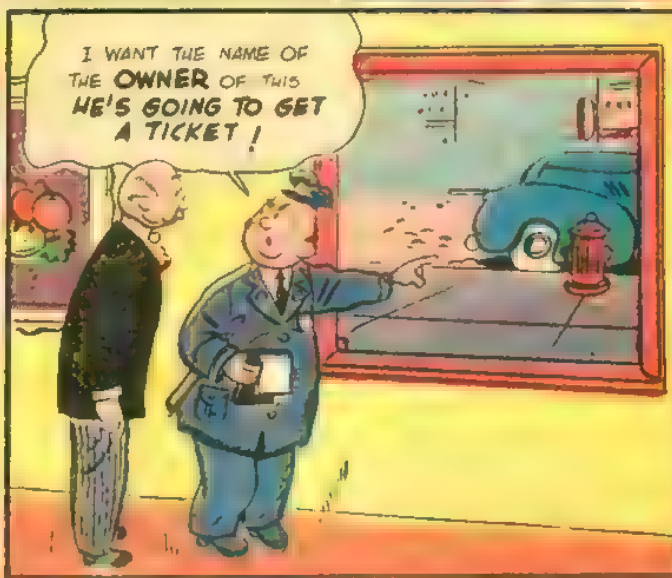
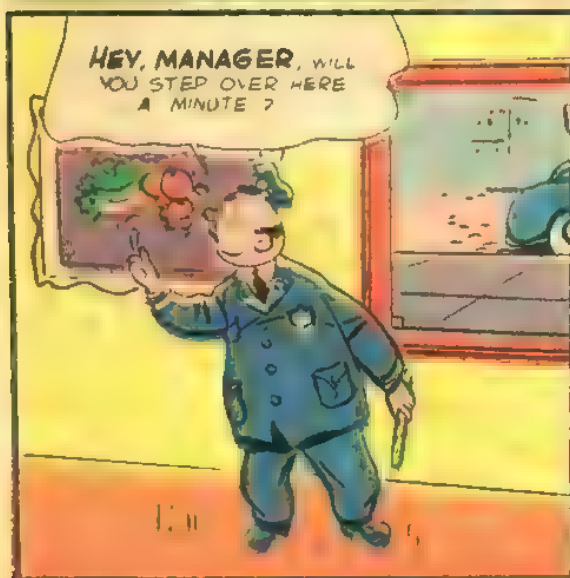
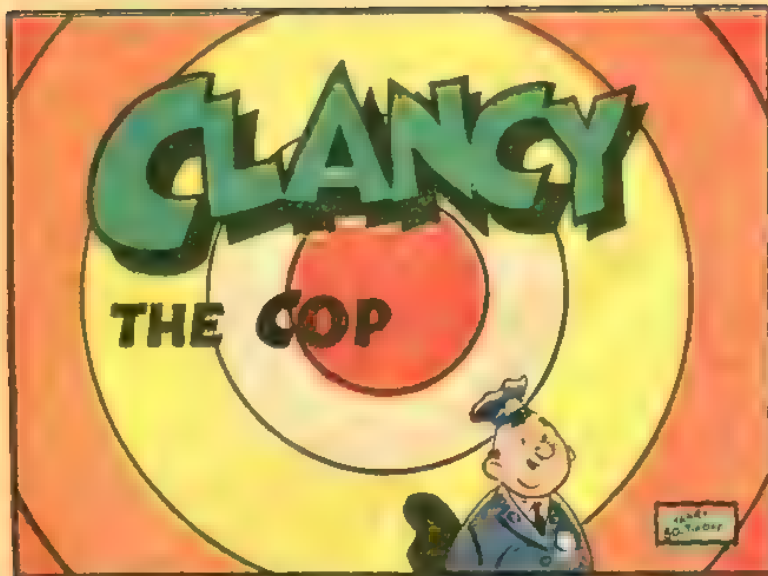
A half hour later, the shattered remnants of the enemy's pride had surrendered. Black and grimy, Thorpe looked happily at Pratt "Now then," he said, "we can step that off." Captain Richards, who had given his permission when appraised of the argument, watched them amusedly as the pair stepped off the distance.



He grinned as they returned, their faces sheepish, and saluted. It was Thorpe who spoke first. "We was both wrong, sir," he said. "It was seven hundred yards."

Captain Richards grinned, his survey of the terrain over. Then he snapped, "A couple of fine leathernecks," he said. "As veterans, you two are good recruits. You both ought to be rated as present but not firing men, instead of sharpshooter and expert." His hand indicated the spot where the two snipers had lain. "Can't you see that you were shooting *downhill* and you should have allowed at least a hundred yards for that!"

THE END



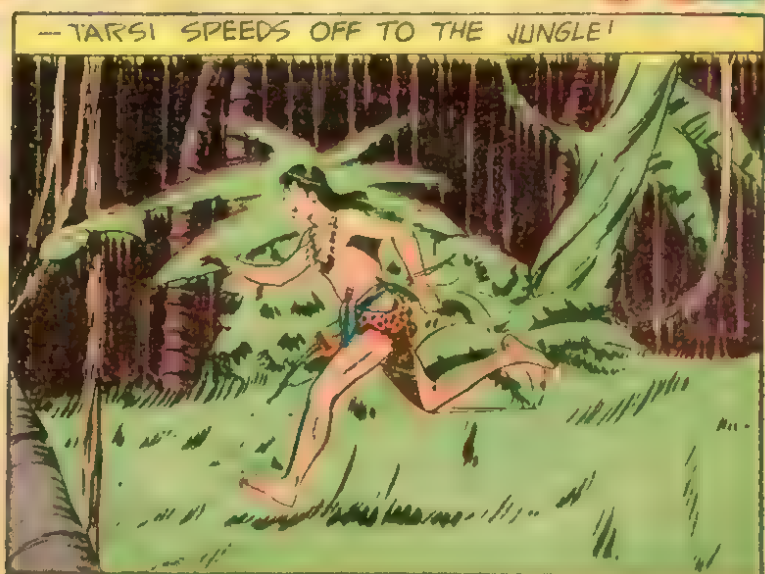
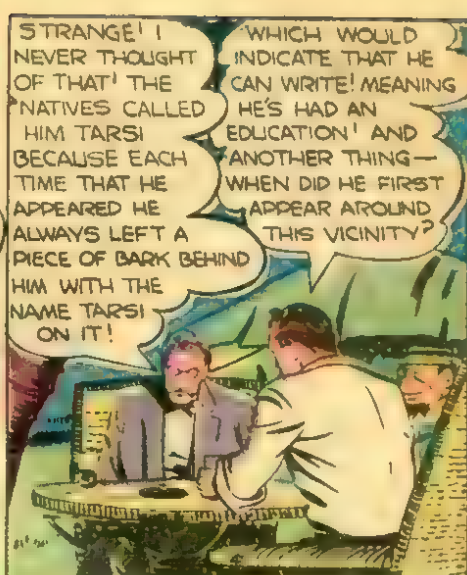
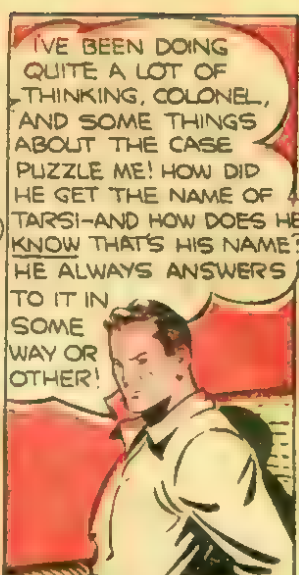
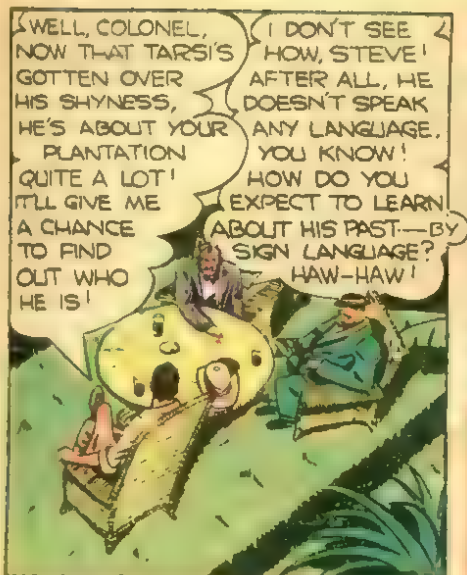
STEVE CONRAD

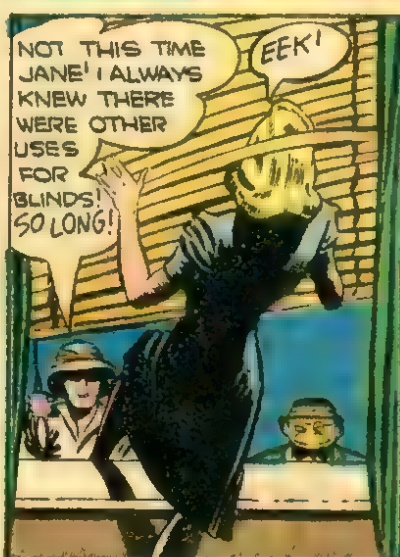
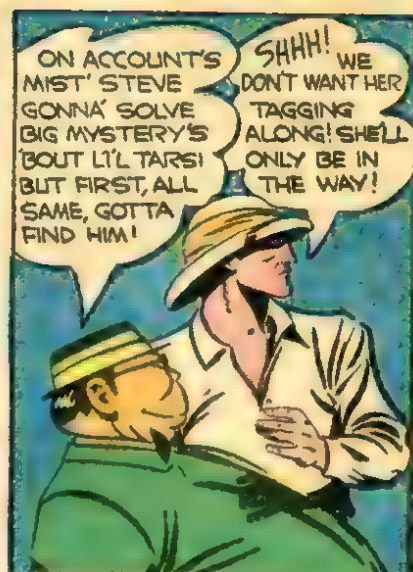
ADVENTURER

BY JACK LEHTI

AT THE INSTIGATION OF COLONEL BENTLY, STEVE CONRAD CAME TO THE PLANTATION OF THAT VENERABLE VETERAN OF THE INDIAN JUNGLES TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF TARSI, THE TIGER BOY! TARSI HAD APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE ASTRIDE A HUGE TIGER AND MADE THE PROTECTION OF ALL THE NEARBY PLANTATIONS HIS OWN CONCERN FOR PROTECTING WORKERS IN THE FIELDS FROM THE PREYING WILD BEASTS, TARSI TOOK FOOD FROM THE STORE HOUSES AS PAYMENT. TRYING TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY OF TARSI'S TRUE IDENTITY, STEVE TWICE SAVED THE JUNGLE BOY'S LIFE AND AT LAST WON HIS FRIENDSHIP—BUT CAME NO CLOSER TO FINDING OUT WHO HE WAS THAN BEFORE! STEVE, HOWEVER, VOWED THAT HE WOULDN'T REST UNTIL HE LEARNED JUST WHO TARSI WAS AND WHERE HE ORIGINALLY CAME FROM!







BY THE TIME JANE GETS LOOSE, STEVE AND CHANG HAVE SLIPPED AWAY INTO THE JUNGLE!



MEANWHILE!

LOOK, CHANG! I THINK I SAW TARSI RUNNING ALONG THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS STREAM!

BUT HOW WE GONNA GET OVER? IS AWFUL BIG CLOCODILES—BIG TEETH!



EASY, CHANG! WE SWING OVER ON HANGING VINES—LIKE THIS!

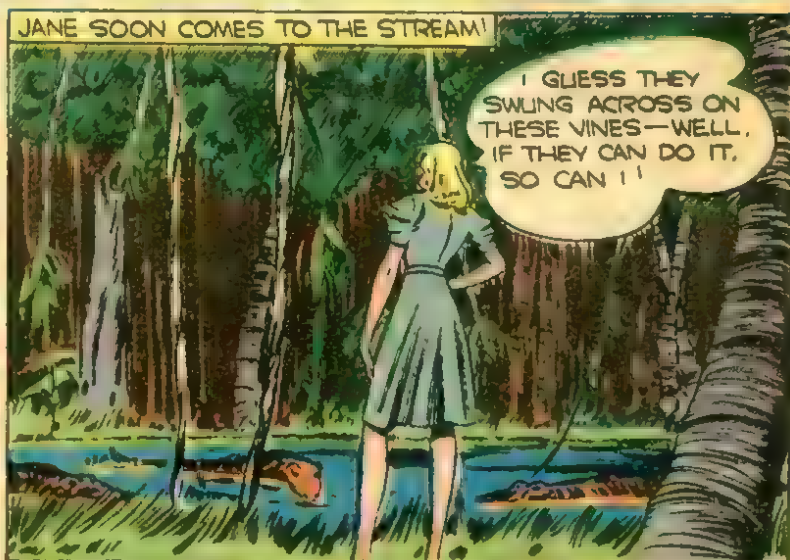


IS EASY—YIPPEE'S!



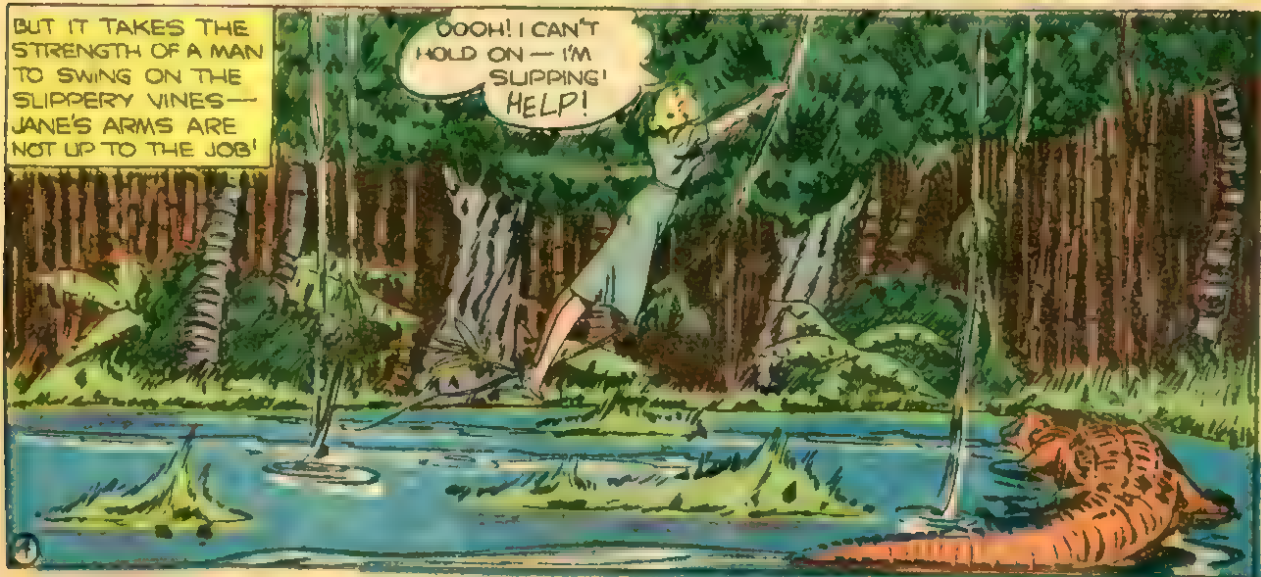
JANE SOON COMES TO THE STREAM!

I GUESS THEY SWUNG ACROSS ON THESE VINES—WELL, IF THEY CAN DO IT, SO CAN I!



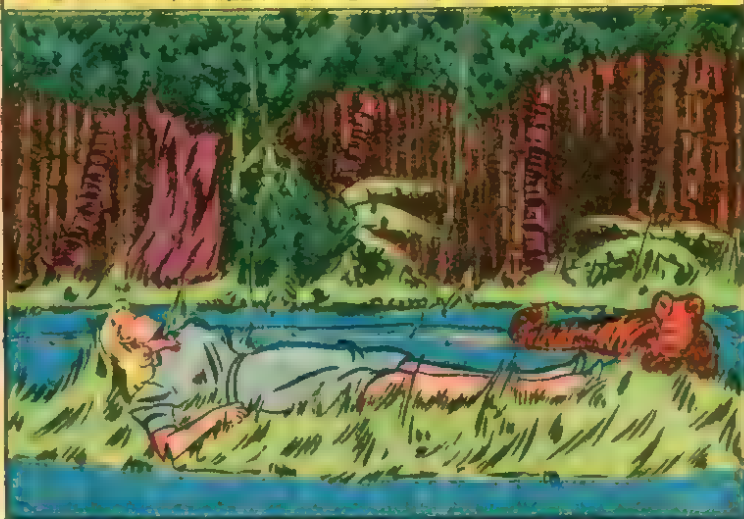
BUT IT TAKES THE STRENGTH OF A MAN TO SWING ON THE SLIPPERY VINES—JANE'S ARMS ARE NOT UP TO THE JOB!

OOOH! I CAN'T HOLD ON—I'M SLIPPING! HELP!





BUT THE STRAIN IS TOO MUCH FOR JANE'S NERVES—SHE FALLS INTO A FAINT, WHILE A HUNGRY CROCODILE APPROACHES!



FURTHER IN THE JUNGLE, STEVE HEARS JANE'S CRIES!



STEVE LITERALLY SNATCHES JANE FROM THE TEETH OF THE CROCODILE BUT, WITH THE ADDED WEIGHT, THE VINE BEGINS TO BREAK—WHILE SLAVERING JAWS WAIT FOR THEIR HUMAN MEAL!



THEN—HELP COMES FROM A VERY UNEXPECTED SOURCE!



OH-H-H! WHERE AM I? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

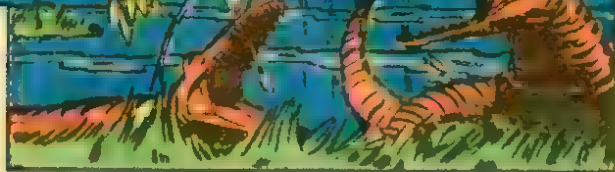


TAKE IT EASY, JANE—YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! TARSI'S COME TO OUR RESCUE—AND HIS ARROWS ARE SURE MAKING THOSE CROCODILES SCATTER!

SAFELY BACK ON SHORE, STEVE CALLS ACROSS THE STREAM TO TARSI!



COME ON OVER, TARSI, SO WE CAN THANK YOU—I KNOW YOU SPEAK ENGLISH!



THAT'S RIGHT, MR CONRAD, I SPEAK ENGLISH—BUT I'M LEAVING NOW! I RAN OFF FROM MY DAD'S CIRCUS, WHEN THEY LANDED HERE, FOR A LARK! THEY'LL BE LEAVING SOON AND I DON'T WANT TO BE LEFT BEHIND—BESIDES THEY NEED WITZI, THE TRICK TIGER!



AND SO, WITH THE MYSTERY OF THE TIGER BOY CLEARED UP, TARSI FADES OUT OF STEVE'S LIFE!



SO LONG, FOLKS!



WELL, THERE HE GOES—AND THAT'S THE END OF OUR MYSTERY! AND I WAS IN IT AFTER ALL, MR. STEVE CONRAD!

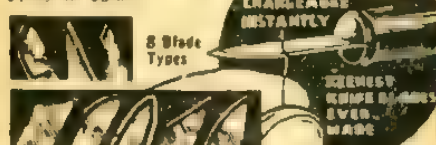
LIKE PLOVERB SAY—"IS ALL WELL THAT ENDS WELL!"

THE END

Boys' EXACTO

HERE'S THE MOST PRACTICAL KNIFE YOU EVER USED!

Sharp edge - cuts a single hair and stays sharp forever. New, instantly changeable blades only a flick change of right shape, double or single edge. Buy it at your dealer's or Boy Scout store. Sets \$1.00 to \$3.50.



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FIREWORKS Oh Boy!

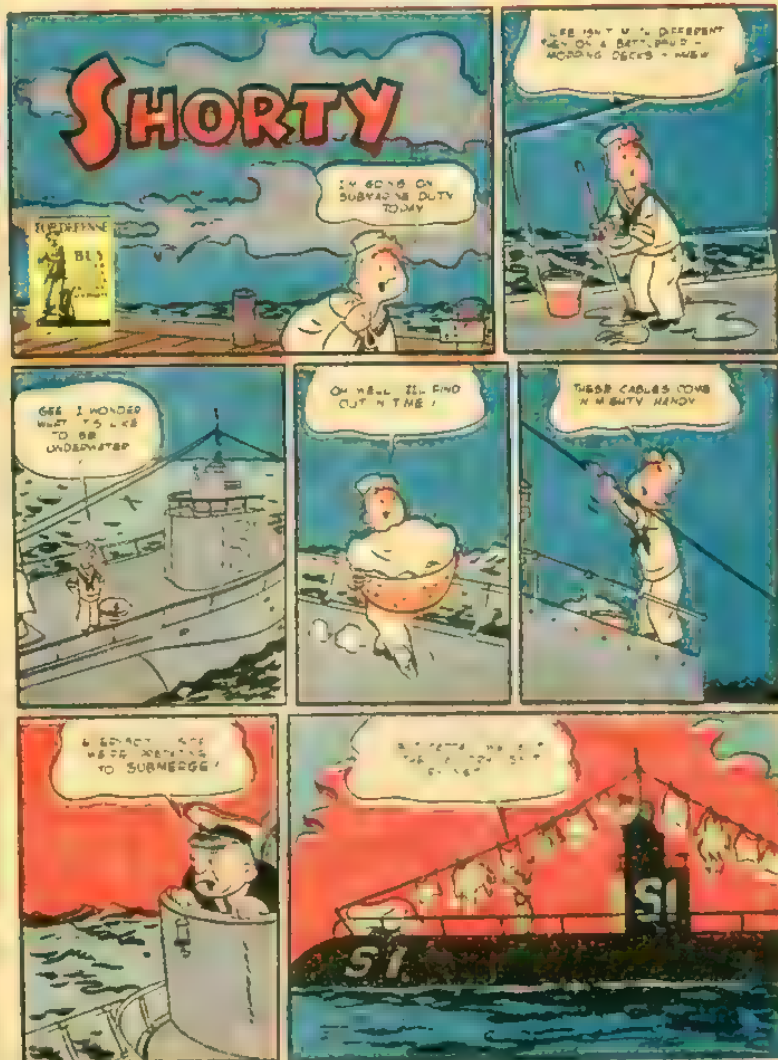
THINK OF IT! An assortment of over 1000 pieces of fireworks worth \$5.66 for \$2.26 cash with order. We have the famous "ZEBRA" flash crackers. World's loudest. 100 FREE salutes with every order. Free catalog.

BANNER FIREWORKS, DEPT A2 Box 173, W TOLEDO, OHIO

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containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (buff), NORTH BORNEO (buff), MANCHU KIO (Mansuian), SARAWAK (buff), GUADELOUPE (sugar ribbon), COSTA RICA (triangle), MARTINIQUE (new), BIRNLI (floating). This entire packet for only 3c to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free with each order. KENT STAMP CO., GPO, Box 87(8), Brooklyn, N. Y.

A BIT OF FUN



PRIZE COMICS
JULY 1946 #22

WOW! WHAM! ZOWIE!
HERE'S A COMIC MAGAZINE
NOBODY WANTS TO MISS!

THE SHINING KNIGHT

FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS HAVE COME AND GONE--BUT THE SHINING KNIGHT IS AS STRONG AS EVER! FOR FATE FLUNG HIM INTO AN ICEBERG--AND THERE HE SLEPT UNTOUCHED BY TIME!

RIDING ASTRIDE AN ASTOUNDING STEED FIGHTING CRIME WITH SWORD AND LANCE, THE SHINING KNIGHT DAZZLES AN AGE WHOSE MIRACLES HE HIMSELF FINDS SO STARTLING!

IN THIS ADVENTURE HE SUFFERS THE CRUELEST LOSS OF HIS WHOLE CAREER! BUT WE'LL LEAVE YOU TO SEE FOR YOURSELF EXACTLY WHAT THAT LOSS IS--TELLING YOU ONLY THAT OUR TALE IS TITLED---

"THREE BADMEN ON A HORSE."



AT THE FAMED CURIO-TORIUM--SHRINE OF THE FANTASTIC, HERE YOU CAN--"BELIEVE IT OR LEAVE IT!"

GEE, IMAGINE CARRYING THOSE THINGS AROUND WITH YOU FOR MONEY!

STONE MONEY from the island of YAP weighs over a hundred coconuts



That NIGHT ROB QUIGLEY, MASTER OF THE INCREDIBLE, BROADCASTS FROM HIS CURIO-TORIUM---

THE COMMON EEL IS BORN IN THE SARGASSO SEA, THEN TRAVELS THOUSANDS OF MILES TO EUROPE OR AMERICA!--BELIEVE IT OR LEAVE IT!!

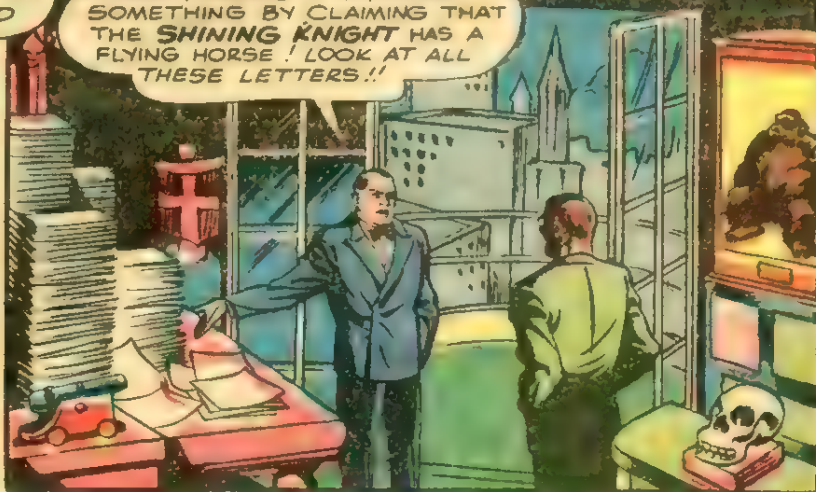


AND--HOW MANY OF YOU KNOW THAT AMERICA'S CRIME-CRUSHER, THE **SHINING KNIGHT**--RIDES ON A HORSE THAT HAS WINGS AND FLIES THROUGH THE SKY--? BELIEVE IT OR LEAVE IT!!



Next day--IN ROB QUIGLEY'S SKYSCRAPER OFFICE---

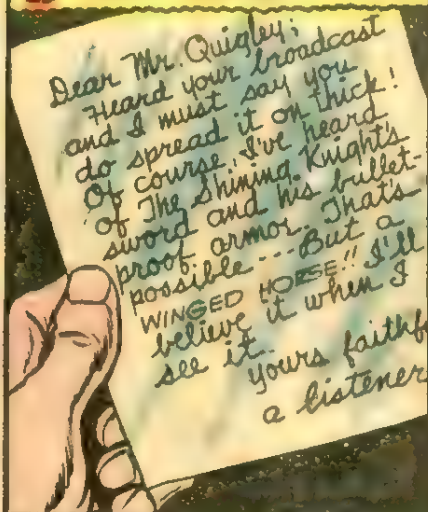
TERRY, SEEMS I STARTED SOMETHING BY CLAIMING THAT THE **SHINING KNIGHT** HAS A FLYING HORSE! LOOK AT ALL THESE LETTERS!!



HERE, TERRY--THIS IS JUST A SAMPLE!



A TYPICAL LETTER---



I'VE GOT TO BACK EVERY CLAIM I MAKE! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MY PRESS AGENT, TERRY--WHAT SHALL I DO ABOUT THIS?

SIMPLE!! SEEING'S BELIEVING, RIGHT? O-KAY--WE'LL LET 'EM SEE IT!



LATER, ROB QUIGLEY VISITS WITH THE CURATOR OF THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM---

PROFESSOR MORESBY, THE PUBLIC MUST **SEE** THAT WINGED VICTORY IS REAL! WILL YOU HELP ME? EVERY CENT OF ADMISSION WILL BE GIVEN TO THE U.S.O.!

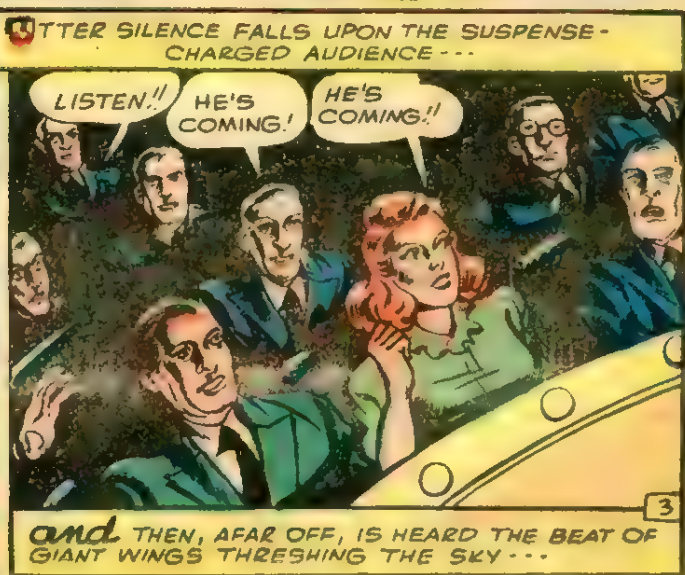
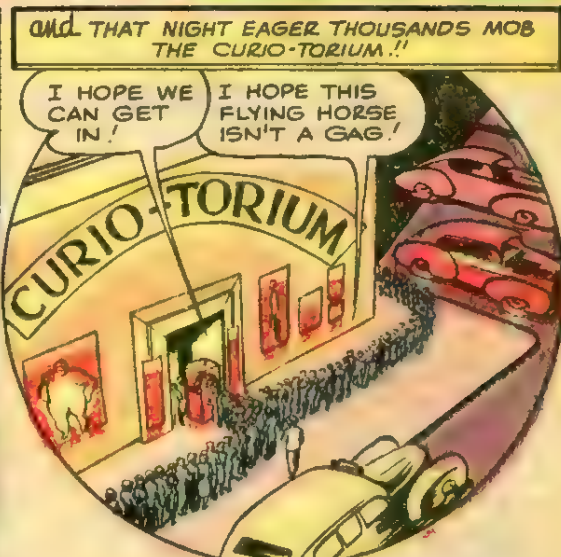
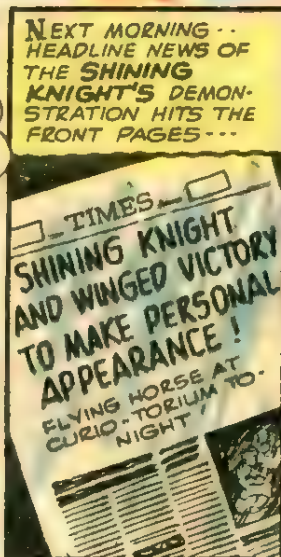
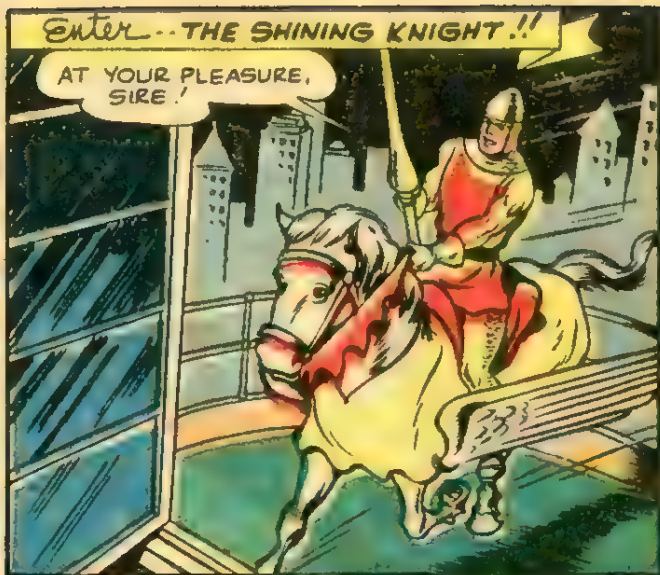
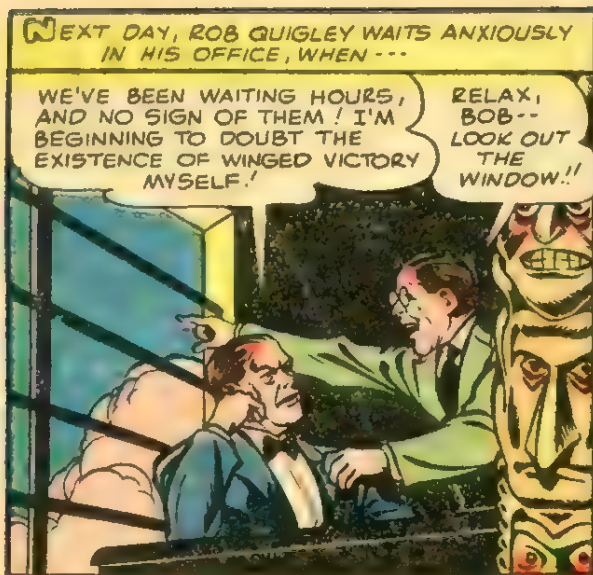
HMM--I THINK WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU MR. QUIGLEY--EH, JUSTIN?



MR. QUIGLEY, I THINK YOU CAN EXPECT A VISIT FROM THE **SHINING KNIGHT** AND HIS HORSE SOON!--"BELIEVE IT OR LEAVE IT"!

HA'HA! THANKS A MILLION, PROFESSOR!!

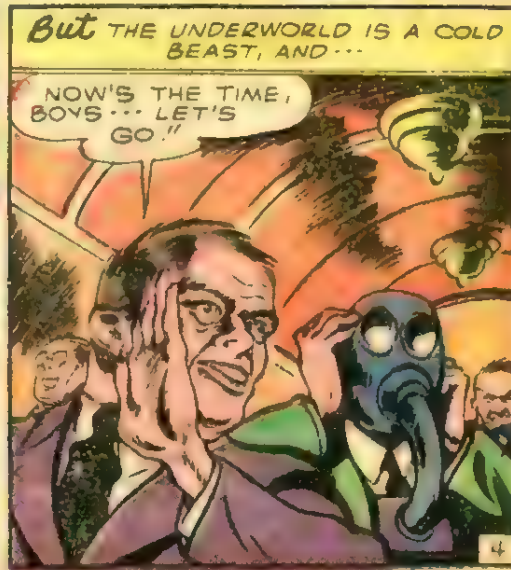
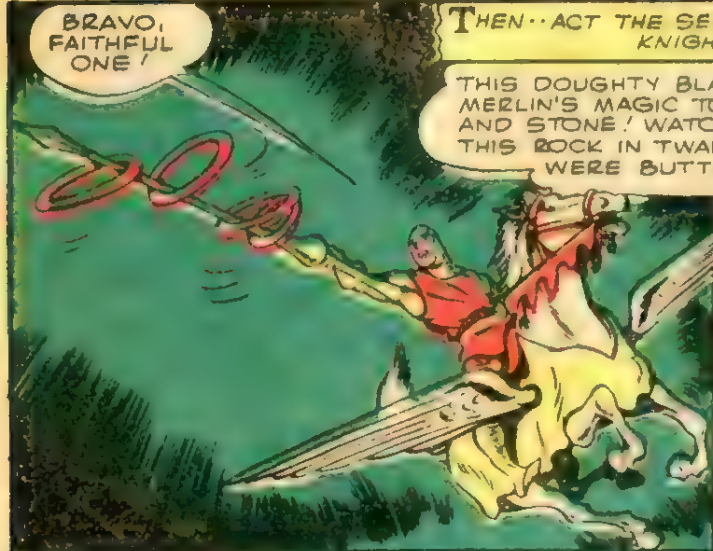
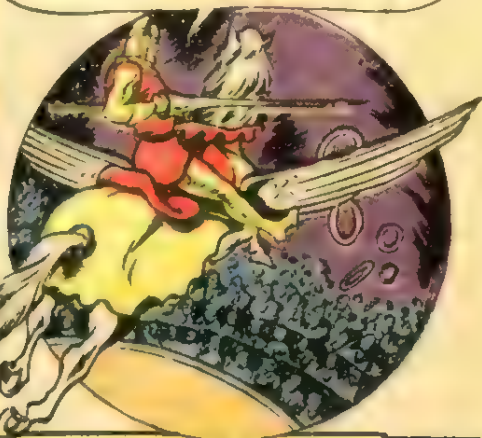
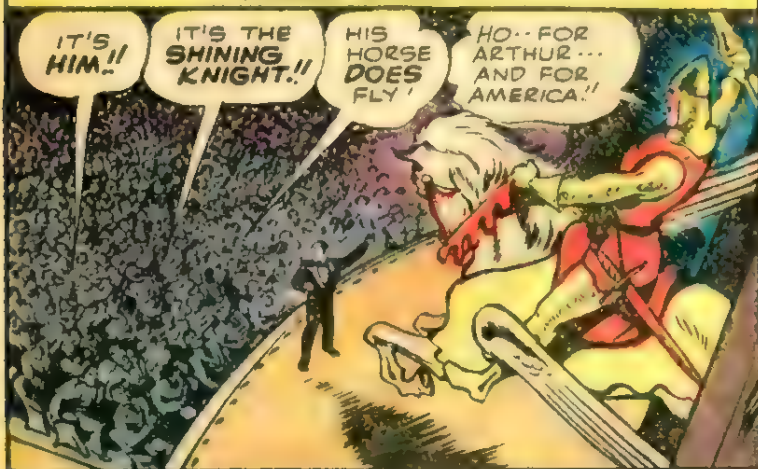




SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS DIM! A SPOTLIGHT BLAZES UPON THE GATEWAY... AND IN SWEEPS A GLEAMING, FANTASTIC FIGURE ASTRIDE AN ASTOUNDING WINGED STEED!

THEM BEGINS THE MOST AMAZING HORSE SHOW OF ALL TIME...

FLY AS YOU'VE NEVER FLOWN BEFORE, VICTORY... WE SHALL NOT LET OUR PUBLIC DOWN!



DID YOU SEE THAT!?

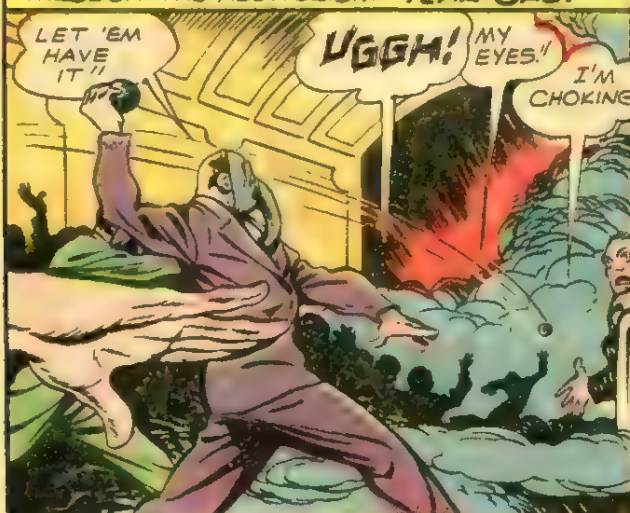
INCREDIBLE!!!

'TIS IN TRUTH A MIGHTY WEAPON... AND ONE THAT THE UNDERWORLD HAS LEARNED TO FEAR!

But THE UNDERWORLD IS A COLD BEAST, AND...

NOW'S THE TIME, BOYS... LET'S GO!!

SUDDENLY.. CHOKING, ACRID FUMES BILLOW THROUGH THE AUDITORIUM.. TEAR GAS!



LET 'EM HAVE IT!!

UGGH!

MY EYES!

I'M CHOKING!!

BUT THE SHINING KNIGHT IS MADE OF STERNER STUFF.. HALF-BLINDED, STRANGLING BY THE GAS... HE YET LEAPS INTO THE FRAY



BLACKGUARDS... (CHOKE, CHOKE)... MOST SORELY WILL YOU RUE YOUR RASHNESS!!

OW-W

S'DEATH, BUT WILL I MAKE YOU SWALLOW THE AIR THAT YOU HAVE FOULED!

OUCH!! HEH, GABBY, QUICK-GET ME OUTA THIS!



BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT EVEN FOR THE MIGHTY MAN FROM YESTERDAY, AND..

GET A LOAD O' THIS, GALAHAD!!

GNGGH!



OKAY, THE KNIGHT'S OUT.. INSTALLMENT ONE'S WRITTEN OFF! NOW FEED THAT NAG HIS MEDICINE!

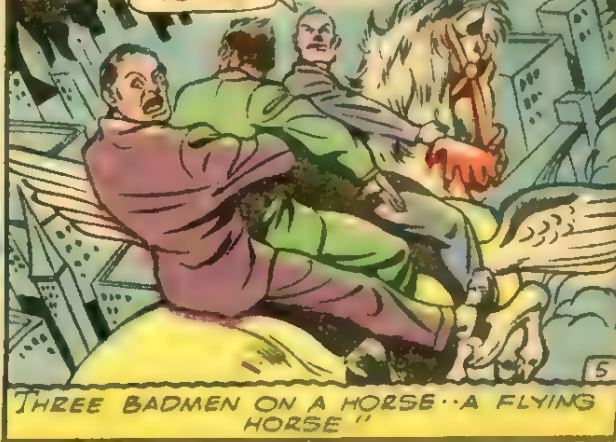


A BRIEF STRUGGLE, AND WINGED VICTORY IS FORCED TO NIBBLE AT THE DRUGGED FOOD---

THOSE DRUGGED OATS WILL MAKE HIM INTO A ROBOT! WE'RE HIS MASTER NOW! C'MON, HORSEY.. GIDDYAP!!



THIS AIN'T EXACTLY WHAT I'M ACCUSTOMED TO! BUT HE'S FAST AS A BULLET.. AND WE'LL GET USED TO IT!



THREE BADMEN ON A HORSE.. A FLYING HORSE

NEXT DAY, A PUZZLED AND VERY MISERABLE YOUNG MAN READS THE NEWS ---

THEY STOLE WINGED VICTORY FROM ME --- BUT, WHY??

MAYBE THE UNDERWORLD WANTS TO DISARM YOU, JUSTIN -- YOU'RE PRETTY DANGEROUS TO THEM, YOU KNOW!

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, PROFESSOR! BUT THEY DIDN'T STEAL MY SWORD AND ARMOR -- WHY...?

CALLING ALL CARS -- MASON BANK BEING HELD UP BY ROBBERS USING WINGED HORSE!

FOR THIS QUIET YOUNG MAN ASSISTANT CURATOR AT THE MUSEUM IS NONE OTHER THAN THE SHINING KNIGHT!

GREAT SCOTT! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIGHT THOSE GANGSTERS WITHOUT YOUR HORSE?!

THAT I AM, PROFESSOR! I SHALL CHARTER ME A TAXI AND, LIKE A TRUE KNIGHT, I SHALL FIGHT THOSE CAITIFFS A-FOOT!



A SIGHT NOT OFTEN SEEN -- A MAIL-SHEATHED KNIGHT CLAMBERING INTO A CAB!

TRANSPORT ME WITHIN TEN MINUTES TO THE MASON BANK -- AND THIS GOODLY NOTE SHALL BE YOUR REWARD, BROTHER DRIVER!

BUDDY -- IT'S A DEAL!

SEVEN SPEED-JAMMED MINUTES LATER ---

SKEWERED LIKE A HAM, FORSOOTH

OUCH!



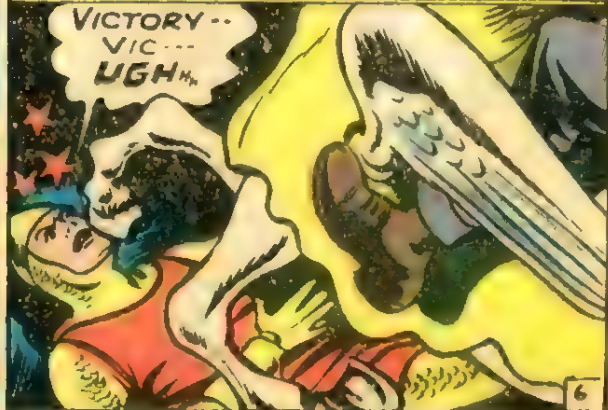
AND THEN -- THE SHINING KNIGHT SIGHTS HIS STOLEN STEED!

HELP, GABBY --- QUICK! HELP US!!

VICTORY -- MY WINGED VICTORY --- COME TO ME!

BUT WINGED VICTORY HAS BEEN DRUGGED INTO ROBOT-LIKE OBEDIENCE, A FLYING HOOF KICKS SIR JUSTIN WITH SKULL-CRACKING FORCE! -- THE WORLD'S MOST FAITHFUL HORSE HAS FORGOTTEN HIS MASTER!!!

VICTORY -- VIC --- UGH!!



--A HEART BROKEN KNIGHT GAPES AFTER HIS DESERTING BATTLE-CHARGER!

LACK-A-DAY-- BUT THIS IS THE BLACKEST PAGE OF MY CAREER 'THAT MY VICTORY SHOULD SPURN ME-- BEAR THOSE BASE MONGRELS SAFELY OFF'



LATER...

MY DEAR BOY!-- WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'RE WHITE AS DEATH!



VICTORY-- MY WINGED VICTORY-- A TRAITOR! HE TURNED ON ME-- DID NOT KNOW ME



COME ON, JUSTIN, EAT SOME THING! THIS SOUP'S GOOD FOR YOU!

THANK YOU, PROFESSOR-- BUT I CAN NOT EAT! NOT WHEN MY VICTORY HAS PROVED FALSE TO THE CODE OF KNIGHTLY HONOR!



COME ON, MY BOY-- CHEER UP! EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING!

BUT 'TIS SUCH A DARK CLOUD OF DISHONOR!



HEAR--THE AIR WAVES CALL FOR THE SHINING KNIGHT!

CALLING THE SHINING KNIGHT-- COME TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE! IMPORTANT NEWS!!



GOLLY THE SHINING KNIGHT MUST BE IMPORTANT! I'D SURE LIKE TO GROW UP TO BE LIKE HIM!

GADZOOKS-- BUT YOU'RE RIGHT, PROFESSOR! MAYHAP THIS SUMMONS IS THE SILVER LINING!



MINUTES LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS---

GLAD TO SEE YOU SHINING KNIGHT! WE'VE, AH, GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



SURPRISE!!

WE THOUGHT THAT AS, ER-- THIS IRON STEED MIGHT HELP YOU OUT! AFTER ALL, YOU'VE OFTEN HELPED US! THE LEAST WE COULD DO, YOU KNOW---



THANK YOU, SIRE! 'TIS A STRANGE-LOOKING BEAST, AND YET---

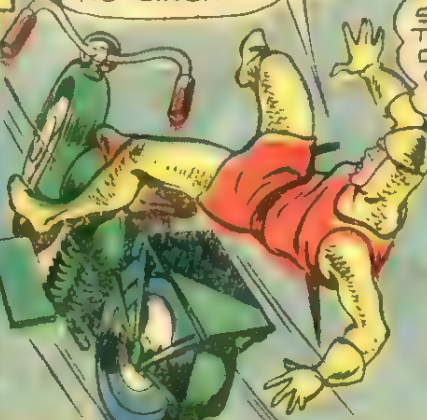
DZOOKENS--BUT 'TIS AN ASTOUNDING THING TO SEE --A KNIGHT FROM KING ARTHUR'S COURT RIDING ASTRIDE A ROARING, TWIN-WHEELED STEED OF MODERN TIMES--

ONE. NEVER DID I THINK
TWO. I WOULD RIDE A
THREE-- HORSE SUCH
AND AWAY." AS THIS'



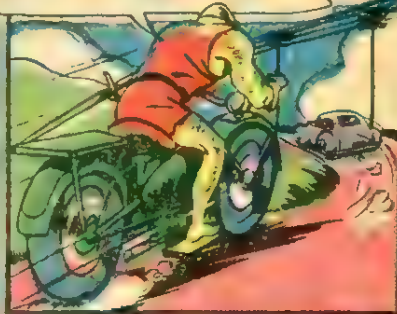
BUT--THEY HAVE STRANGE WHIMS--THESE TWENTIETH CENTURY STEEDS!

MY STARS--RIDING THIS BEAST IS NO CINCH'



DAYS PASS--THE SHINING KNIGHT PERSEVERES--AND SOON HE RIDES HIS "IRON STEED" WITH AS MUCH SKILL AS HE ONCE RODE WINGED VICTORY'

SUCH HEADLONG MADNESS!! THAT RECKLESS VARLET ENDANGERS THE LIVES OF OTHERS. I WILL OVERTAKE HIM AND WARN HIM."



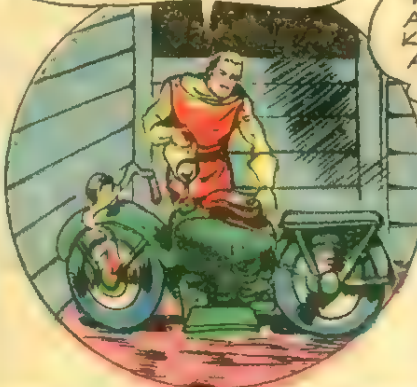
DRIVE MORE HEEDFULLY IN THE FUTURE, SIRRAH--OR YOU WILL FEEL THE FLAT OF MY SWORD'

I--I PROMISE TO BE MORE CAREFUL'



EVEN A METAL STEED MUST HAVE ITS FODDER--

MUCH RATHER WOULD I BE FEEDING VICTORY HIS OATS! YET THIS METAL CHARGER DESERVES HIS FARE'



BUT IN A CERTAIN STABLE HIDDEN FROM THE EYES OF THE LAW!--

WHAT A RACKET! THE COPS'LL NEVER GET US AS LONG AS WE HAVE WINGED VICTORY! USING THIS FLYING NAG FOR OUR GET-ALWAYS AHEAD OF THE BULLS! RIGHT, GABBY! WE HAVE WINGED VICTORY!



IT'S NEAR VICTORY'S FEEDING TIME--MUSTN'T LET HIM MISS HIS DOPE! WE GOTTA KEEP HIM GOOD AND ORDERLY FOR OUR NEXT JOB'

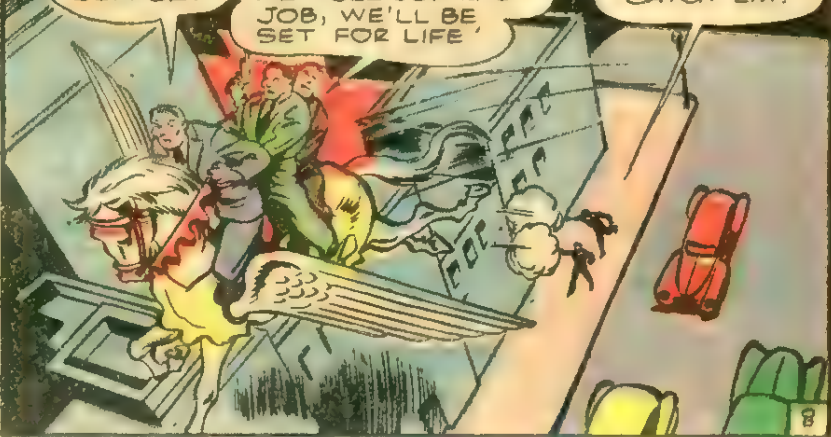


AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, DARING PLUNDER COUPS ARE EXECUTED BY THE THREE BADMEN ON A FLYING HORSE--

SO LONG, COPPER!"

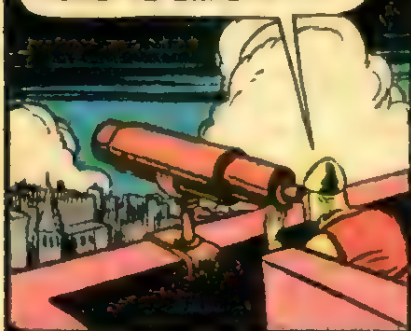
TOMORROW, AFTER WE PULL OUR LAST JOB, WE'LL BE SET FOR LIFE'

WE'LL NEVER CATCH 'EM!"



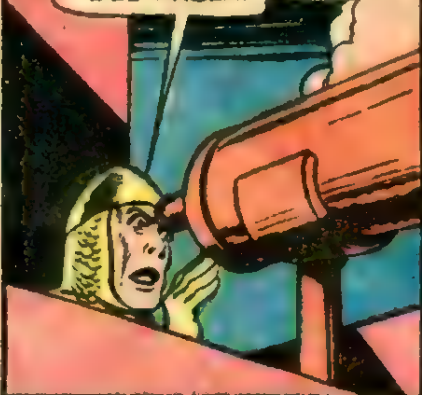
MEANWHILE, THE HORSELESS KNIGHT WATCHES CEASELESSLY FROM THE TOPMOST TURRET OF NEW YORK'S HIGHEST BUILDING----

FOR TWENTY HOURS HAVE I KEPT VIGIL! SURELY WILL THIS MAGIC EYE BRING TO ME SOON THE SIGHT I LONG TO BEHOLD!----

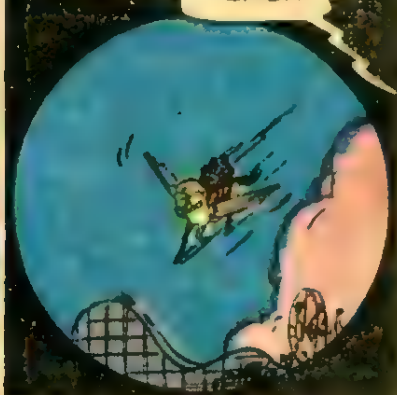


THEN--PATIENCE REWARDED!

ODD'S FISH--THERE FLY THE KNAVES RIGHT NOW! THEY ARE HEADED FOR THE ISLE OF CONEY--AND NOT FOR AMUSEMENT-- I'LL WAGER!

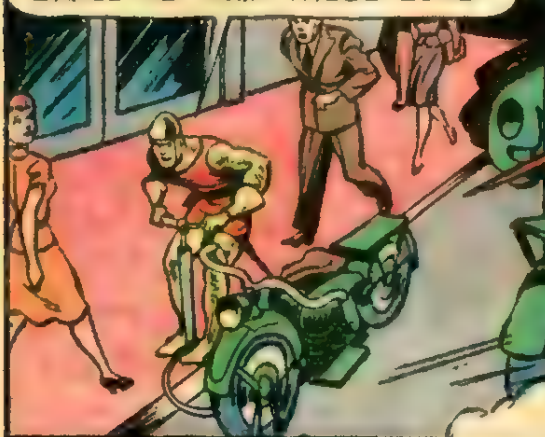


DID NOT I READ THAT ALL CONEY ISLAND MONIES ARE TAKEN BANKWARDS IN A SINGLE TRUCK! YONDER CROOKED ONES MUST PLAN TO ROB THAT CASH!



SWIFT SECONDS LATER--

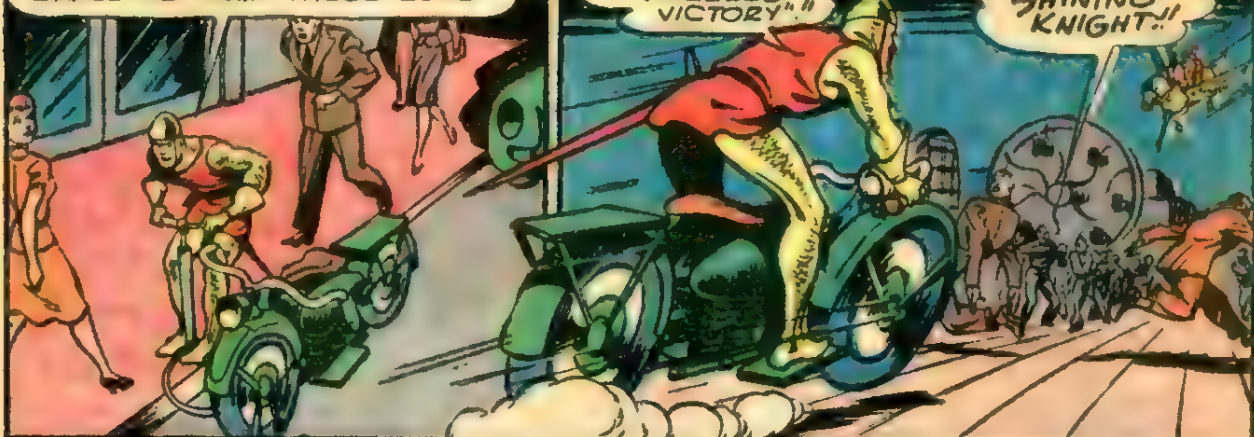
THOU MAYST NOT FLY. YET DOST THOU RIDE "ON AIR"! TOGETHER SHALL WE WHIP THOSE CURS!



HOLIDAY CROWDS SCATTER AS SIR JUSTIN ROARS ALONG THE BOARDWALK!

SPUR THYSELF, "WHEELED VICTORY!"

GEE IT'S THE SHINING KNIGHT!!



LIKE VULTURES RIDING AN ALBATROSS, THE CROOKS SWOOP DOWN ON THE BOY-OFFICE RECEIPTS AWAITING BANK DELIVERY

LET 'EM HAVE IT IF THEY TRY TO STOP US!

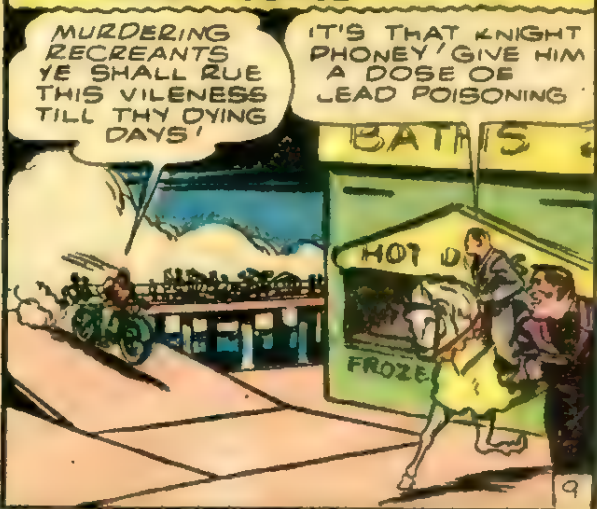
HUM!



Then--GOLD-MAILED, GASOLINE DRIVEN JUSTICE!

MURDERING RECREANTS YE SHALL RUE THIS VILENESS TILL THY DYING DAYS!

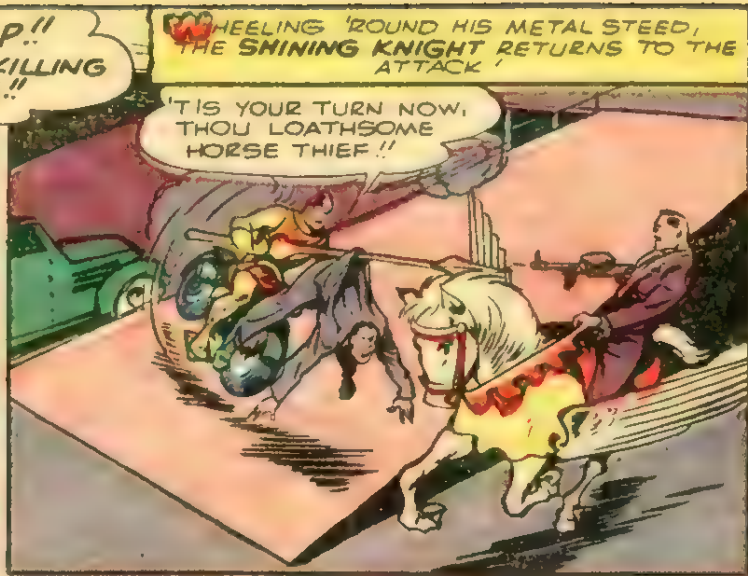
IT'S THAT KNIGHT PHONEY! GIVE HIM A DOSE OF LEAD POISONING!





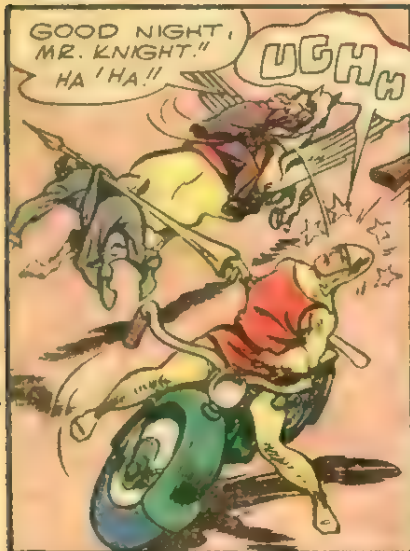
HAVE
AT THEE...
THOU
MONGREL!

HEL-LP!!
YOU'RE KILLING
ME!!



HEELING 'ROUND HIS METAL STEED,
THE SHINING KNIGHT RETURNS TO THE
ATTACK!

'TIS YOUR TURN NOW,
THOU LOATHSOME
HORSE THIEF!!



GOOD NIGHT,
MR. KNIGHT."
HA 'HA!!

UGH

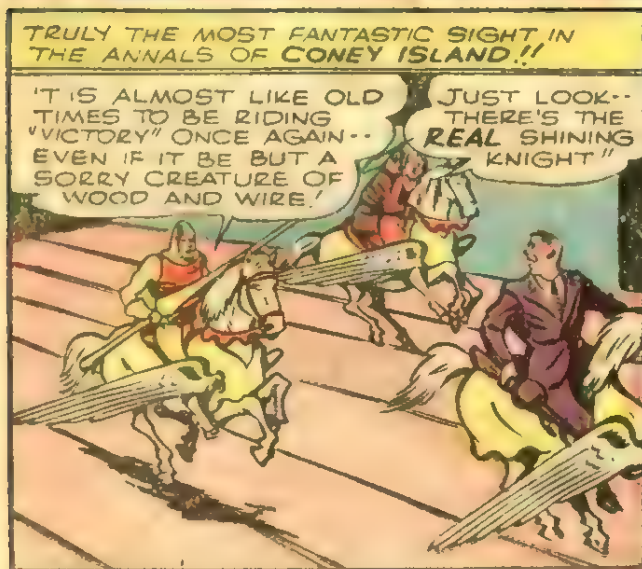


A BIRD IN THE HAND IS
WORTH A "VICTORY" IN THE
SKY! I MUST HIE ME
AFTER YON ESCAPING
KNAVE!



WRAPPED IN A BLIND ALLEY
THE FLEEING THUG TAKES
AN IRONIC WAY OUT!

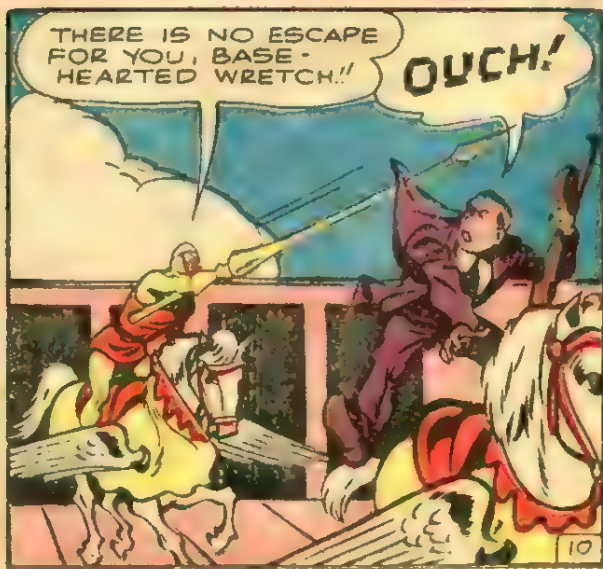
TRAPPED "THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING TO DO--TAKE A RIDE
ON ONE OF THESE BLASTED
WINGED VICTORIES."



TRULY THE MOST FANTASTIC SIGHT IN
THE ANNALS OF CONEY ISLAND!!

"IT IS ALMOST LIKE OLD
TIMES TO BE RIDING
"VICTORY" ONCE AGAIN--
EVEN IF IT BE BUT A
SORRY CREATURE OF
WOOD AND WIRE."

JUST LOOK--
THERE'S THE
REAL SHINING
KNIGHT!"



THERE IS NO ESCAPE
FOR YOU, BASE-
HEARTED WRETCH!!

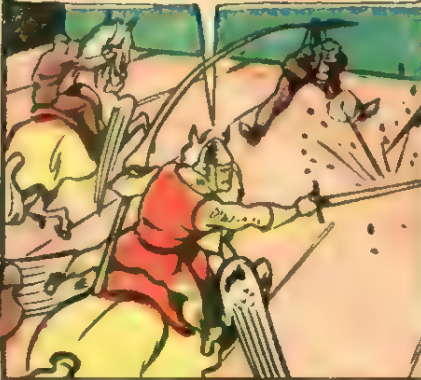
OUCH!

YOU MAY BE BULLET-PROOF--BUT OTHER PEOPLE AREN'T! LET ME ALONE OR I'LL LET 'EM HAVE IT!



BUT A LITHE WRIST WHIRLS A MAGIC WEAPON--MAKING MINCEMEAT OF THE LEADEN HAIL!

LACKADAY--WHAT A FOOLISH FELLOW! HIS BULLETS ARE OF NO MORE USE THAN PEAS!



AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT UP IN THE SKY!

I GOTTA SAVE MAC--OR HE'LL SQUEAL FOR SURE AND PUT THE COPS ONTO ME!



BUT WHEN WINGED VICTORY SEES HIS MASTER ASTRIDE A "FLYING STEED", WHAT HAPPENS?--VIVID MEMORIES STIR IN HIS DRUG-SLUGGISH BRAIN! WAIT----

HEH, KEEP QUIET, WILL YER? YOU'LL THROW ME OFF NEXT!



THEN---RECOGNITION!!

HE-EELL-PP!!

VICTORY! AT LAST THOU KNOWEST ME!



NEXT TIME KEEP AWAY FROM FLYING MARES! THEY'RE NIGHT-MARES FOR YOU!

UGH! OUCH!!

AH, BUT IT IS GOOD TO BE ASTRIDE THEE ONCE AGAIN, WINGED VICTORY! AS THESE AMERICANS SAY, "I'VE WON MY WINGS"!



NOW
THAT THE SHINING KNIGHT HAS WINGED VICTORY BACK, HE'S GOING TO KEEP HIM FLYING IN EVERY ISSUE OF ADVENTURE COMICS!



How can a guy learn Geography when he can't pronounce it?

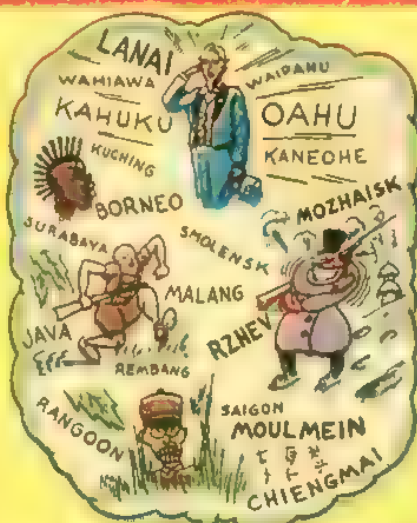
Brother Jim is in the Navy,
Brother Tom's on Air Cadet,
And Cousin Hank's a-building tanks,
But I must wait and fret!

Uncle Sam says, "work and study!"
But it's hard to concentrate
On olden wars and ancient lore,
And stuff so out of date!

War Geography has got me!
Every name is like a sneeze!
From Oahu to Waipahu,
From Minsk to Celebes!

Miquelon and Madagascar,
Guam, Tobruk and Mandalay—
They give me pain inside my brain,
And fill me with dismay!

They're the reason tires are scarce,
And the car is "on the shelf."
But why should I complain and sigh?
I've got a bike, myself!



Its coaster brake's a Morrow,
(That's a tip I got from Dad!)
It stops so quick, and coasts so slick,
It's tops... and that ain't bad!

Famous for more than 40 years!
Quick stopping, easy pedaling,
long coasting; more ball bearings (31) than any other brake.
Your bicycle dealer can furnish
a Morrow Coaster Brake on
any bike—ask for it.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION ELMSIA, N. Y.

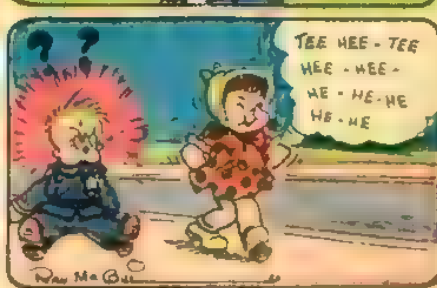
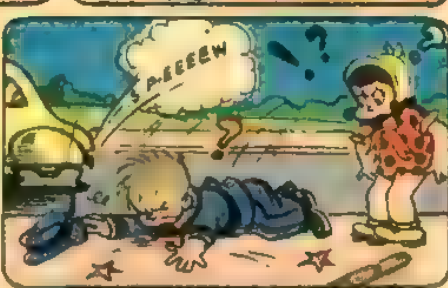
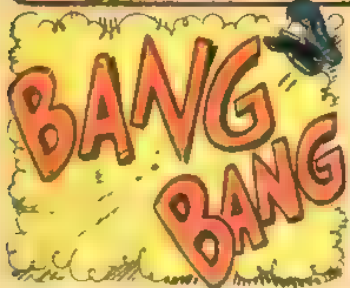
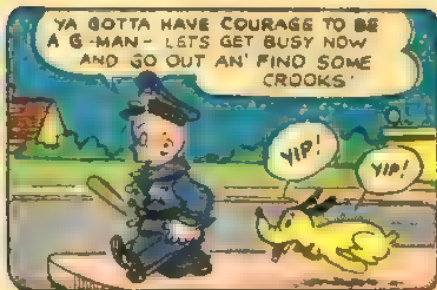
MORROW
COASTER BRAKE



LAFFS

HENRY BOOTH OFF





WAR

CALLS THE JUSTICE SOCIETY INTO ACTION!

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THESE EIGHT MYSTERY MEN ARE CALLED TO SERVICE IN THEIR NATURAL IDENTITIES?

?

NO. 11 JUNE - JULY

ALL STAR Comics

10¢

THE JUSTICE SOCIETY JOIN THE WAR ON JAPAN! ANOTHER BOOK - ENEMY ADVENTURE

ARMANDO - THE ATOM - BIG FISH - SANDWICH - AND MANY MORE

THE JUSTICE SOCIETY - JUSTICE SOCIETY - JUSTICE SOCIETY

ALSO FEATURING

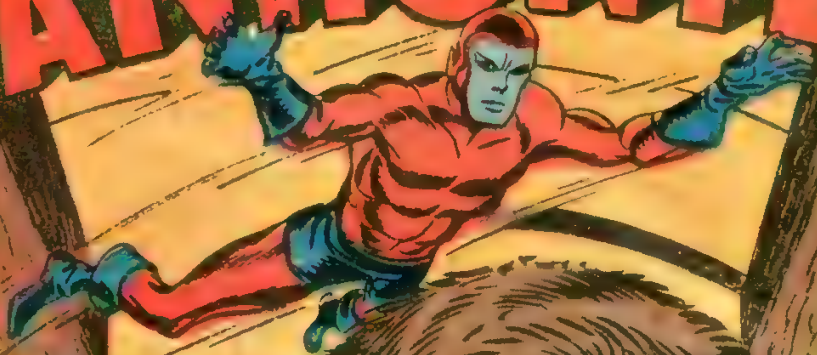
WONDER WOMAN!

SOLDIERS ALL, THESE FIGHTING PATRIOTS STEP OUT OF THEIR UNIFORMS AND INTO THEIR BIZARRE COSTUMES, WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, AND ZAM -

LOOK OUT, JAPAN!

ALL-STAR NO. 11 - NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!.

MANHUNTER



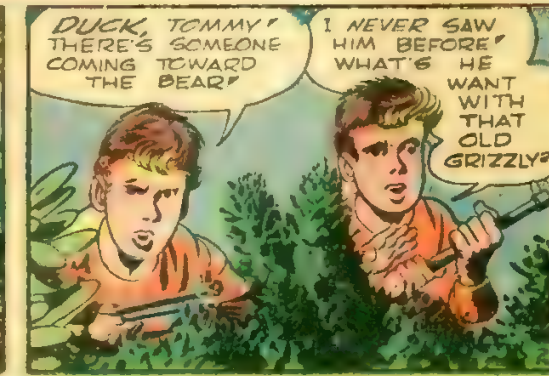
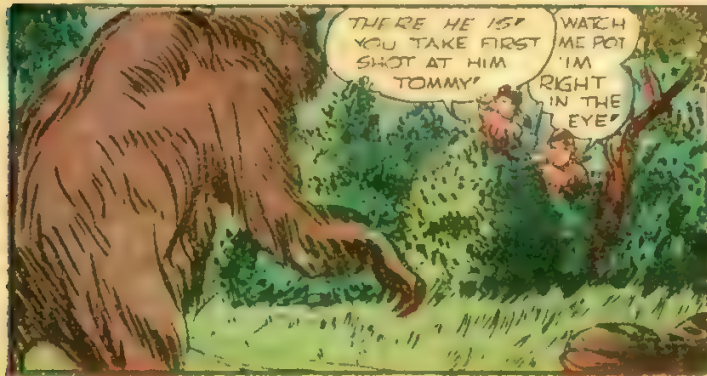
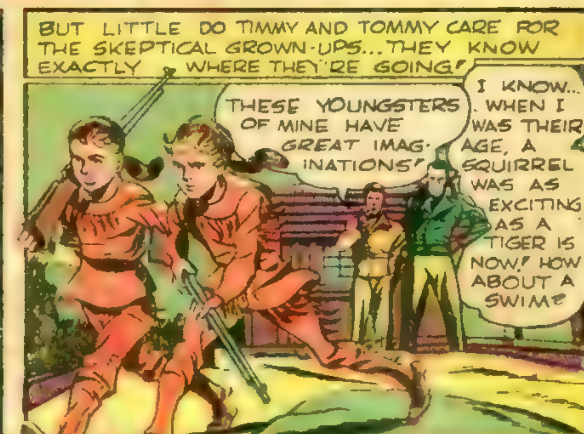
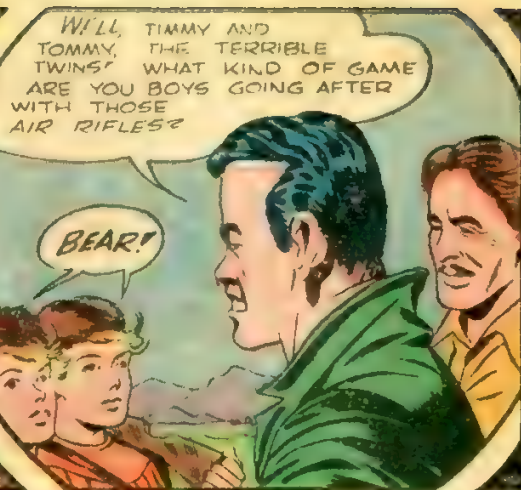
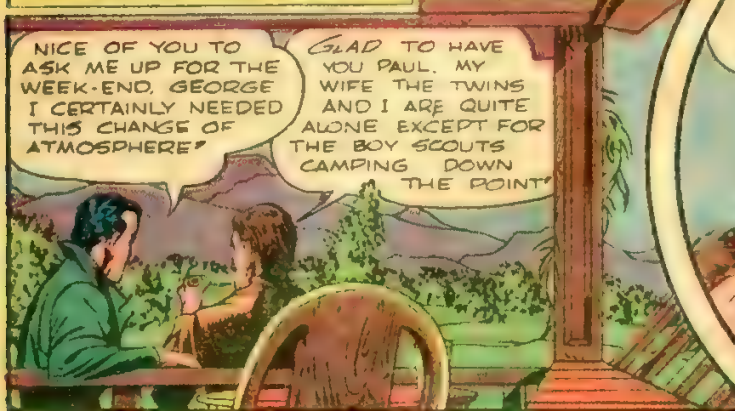
BY JACK SIMMON AND
JACK KIRBY

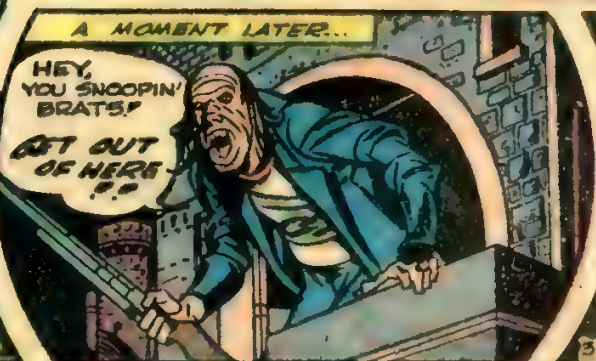
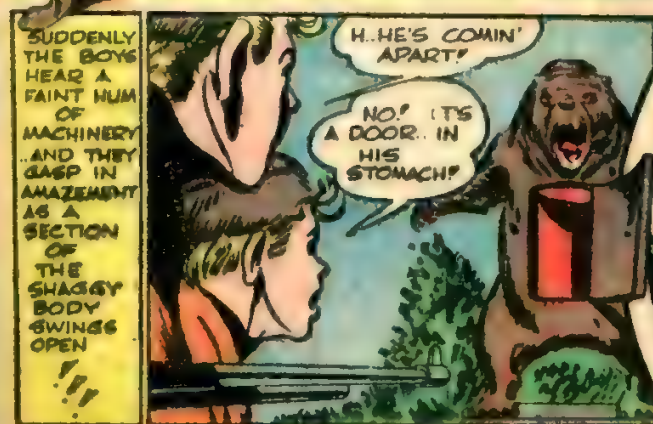
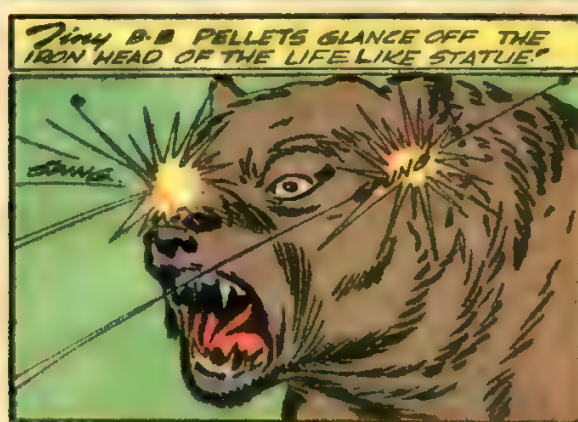
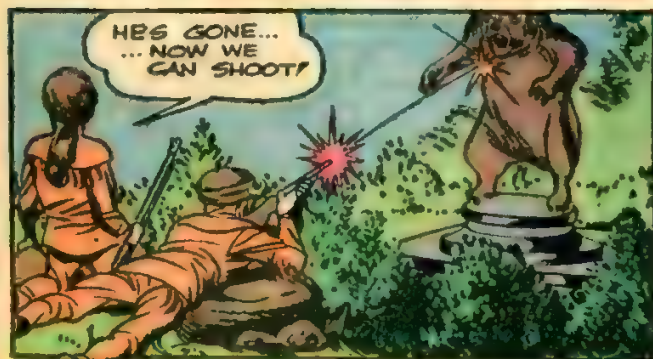
AN EXTRAORDINARY BEAR, WORTH A FORTUNE..... A HERMIT WHO DWELLS IN AN ANCIENT TOWER ROOM... KILLERS WHO SKULK THROUGH THE SHADOWS ON ERRANDS DARKER THAN NIGHT ITSELF.. THESE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE INGREDIENTS OF THIS THRILLING TALE.
MANHUNTER, THAT TWO-FISTED CHAMPION OF JUSTICE WHO HAS FORSAKEN WILDERNESS TRAILS TO BAG THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL BIG GAME...**CRIMINAL MAN**.. NEEDS ALL HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES AND JUNGLE-TRAINED WITS IN

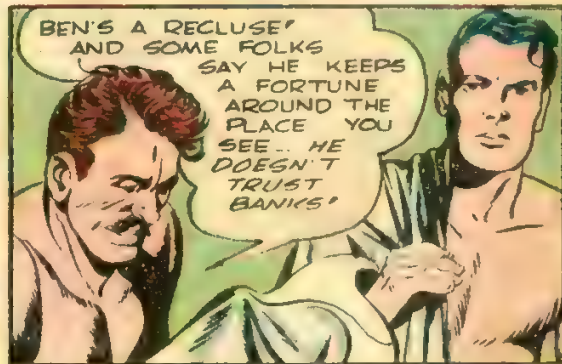
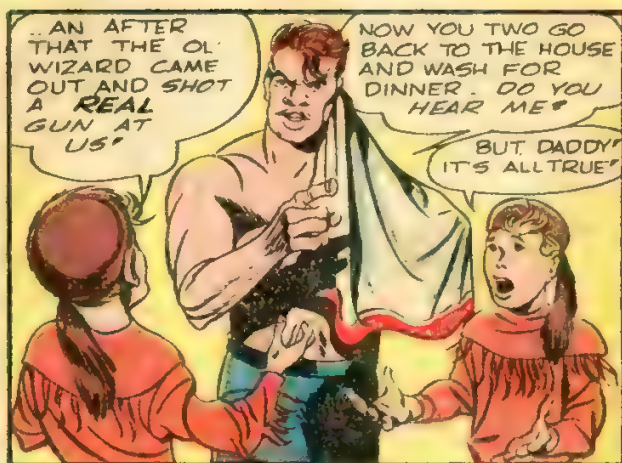
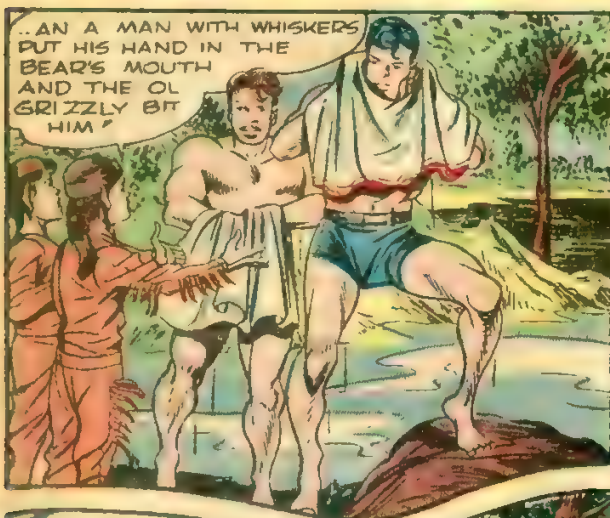
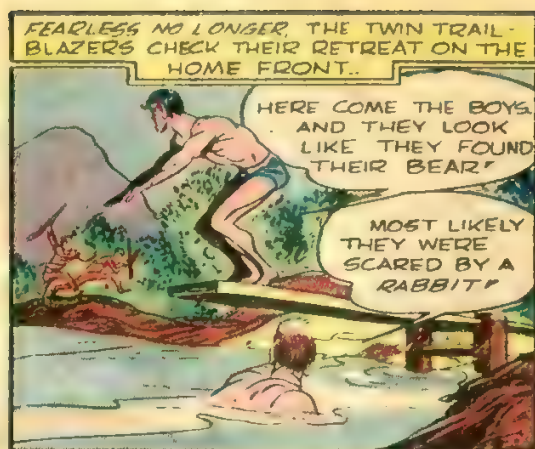
"THE LEGEND OF THE SILENT BEAR."

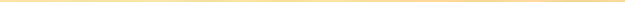
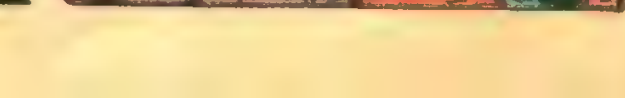
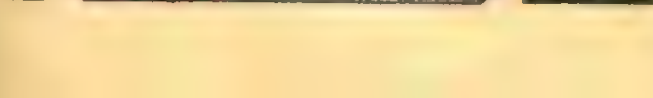
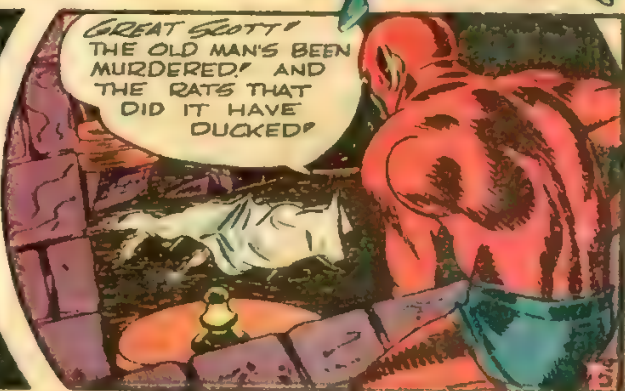
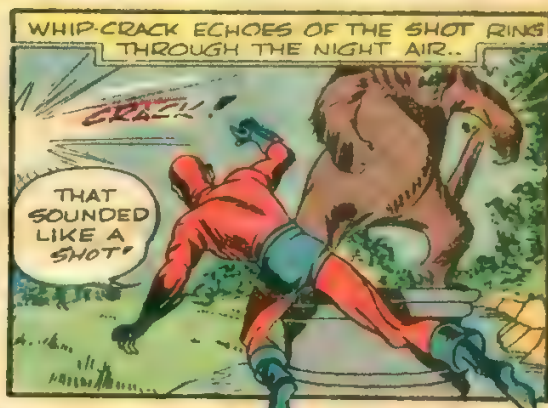
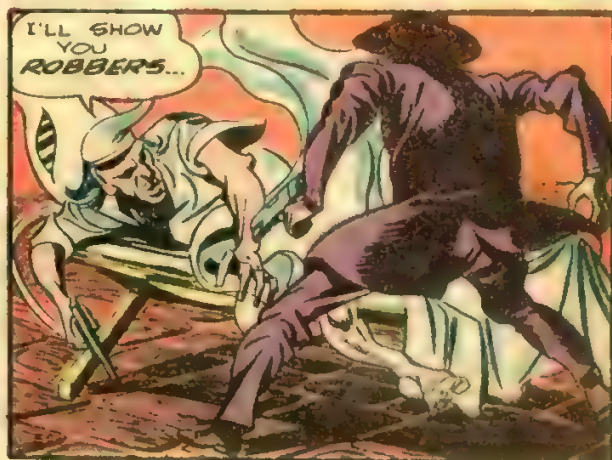
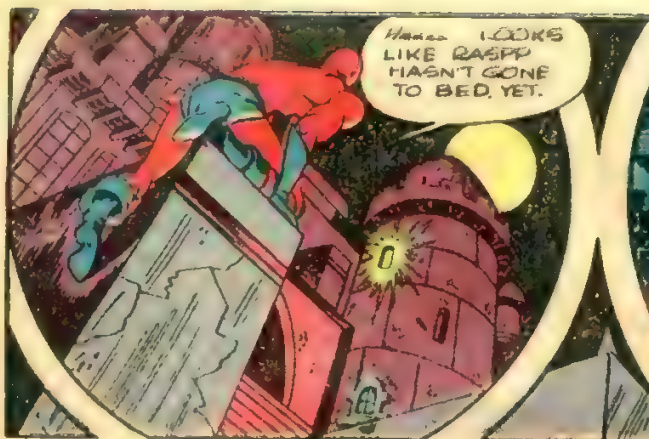


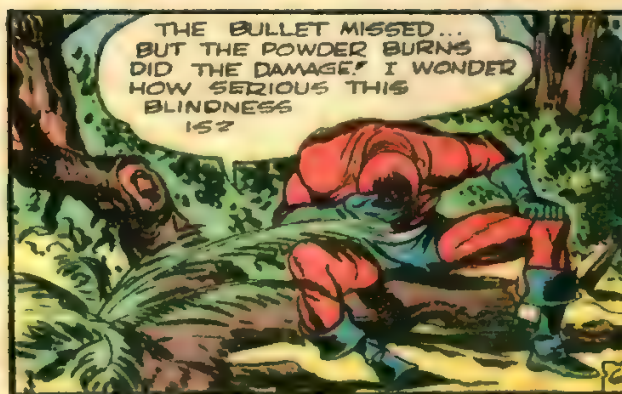
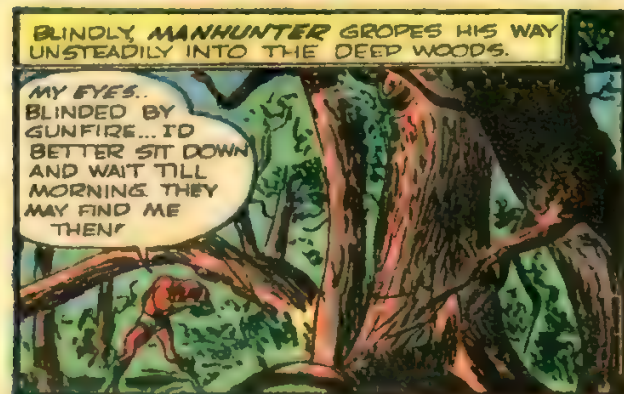
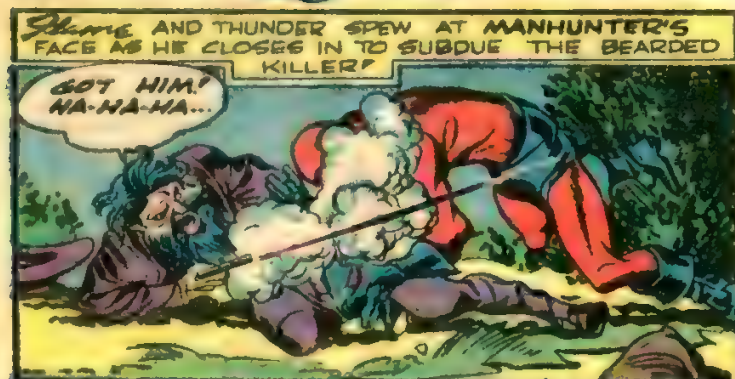
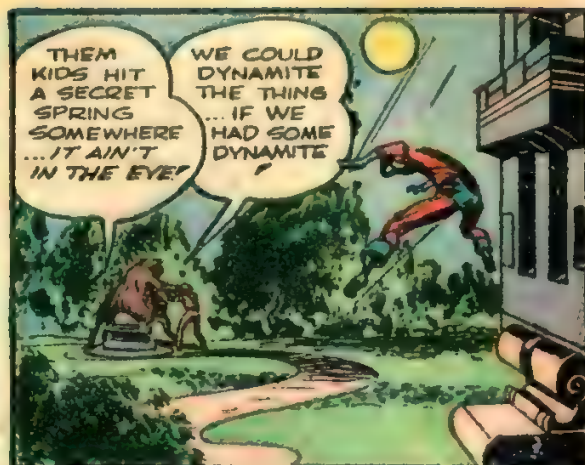
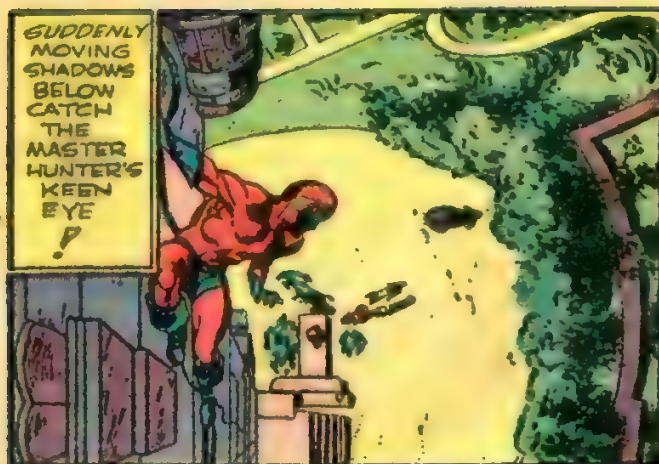
PAUL KIRK, FAMOUS BIG GAME HUNTER AND SPORTSMAN, SPENDS A QUIET WEEK-END AT A RUSTIC VACATION COTTAGE ON A WOODED LAKE SHORE...

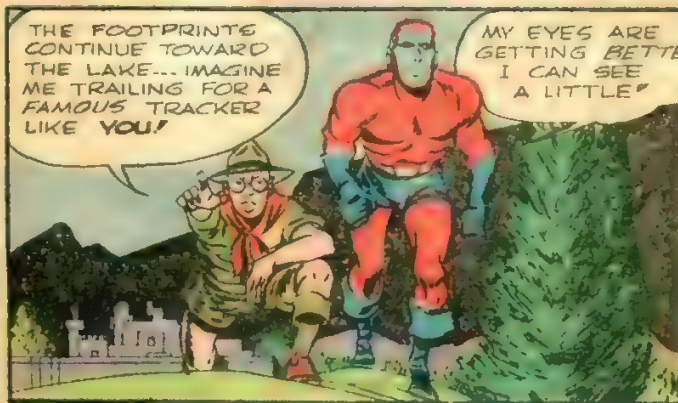
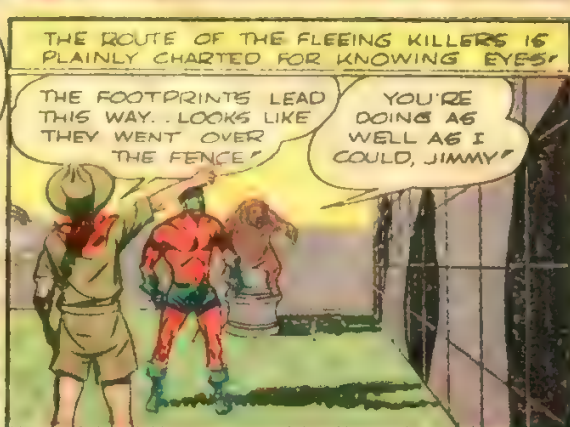
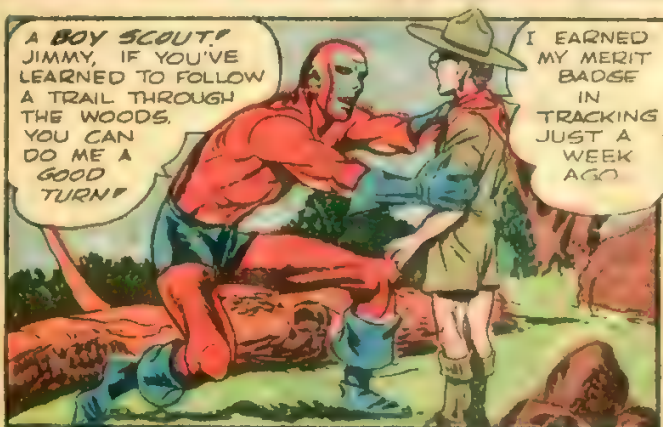
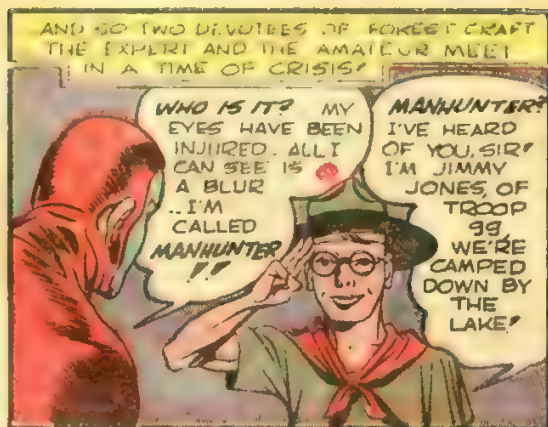










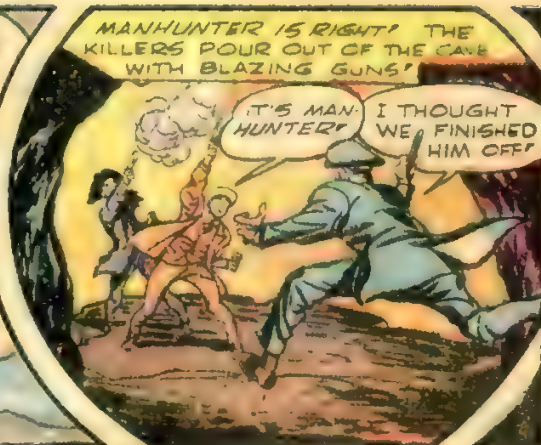


MANHUNTER'S FINGERS DART TO A SLIT IN HIS BELT AND DRAW OUT A STRONG AND LENGTHY ROPE WHICH WAS WOUND ABOUT MANHUNTER'S WAIST IN THE INTERIOR OF HIS BELT!

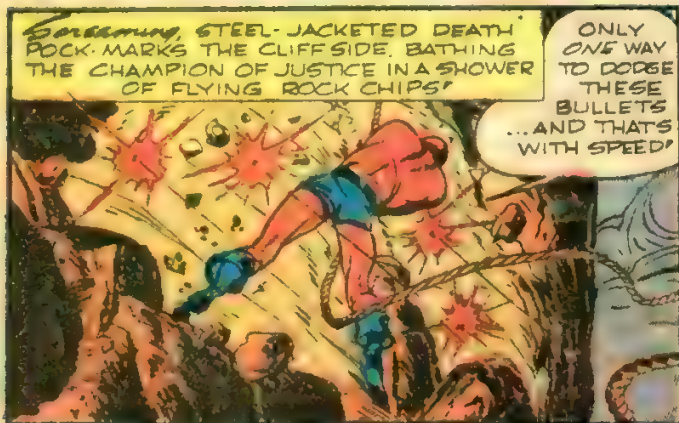


OH OH. THOSE FALLING ROCKS DID IT! IF THEY'RE IN THAT CAVE, THEY'LL GET FIRST CRACK AT ME!

MANHUNTER IS RIGHT! THE KILLERS POUR OUT OF THE CAVE WITH BLAZING GUNS!



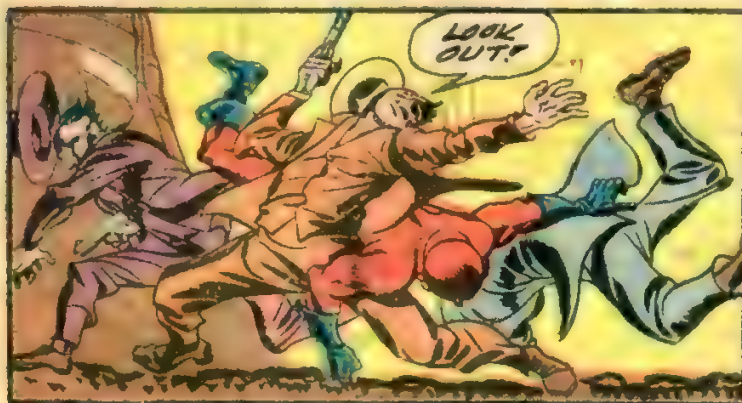
SCREAMING STEEL-JACKETED DEATH ROCK MARKS THE CLIFF SIDE, BATHING THE CHAMPION OF JUSTICE IN A SHOWER OF FLYING ROCK CHIPS!



ONLY ONE WAY TO DODGE THESE BULLETS...AND THAT'S WITH SPEED!



LOOK OUT!



I CAN'T MISS AT THIS RANGE!



YOU'LL MISS FOREVER, CHUM... BECAUSE YOU'RE AS PHONY AS THE WHISKERS YOU'RE WEARING!



MANHUNTER TOSSES THE REMAINING THUGS OFF THE LEDGE TO FOLLOW THEIR LEADER ON THE SOFT SANDS OF THE BEACH BELOW!



HIYA, MANHUNTER!
...I FOUND A TRAIL DOWN THE CLIFF! LUCKY I BROUGHT MY FIRST AID KIT!

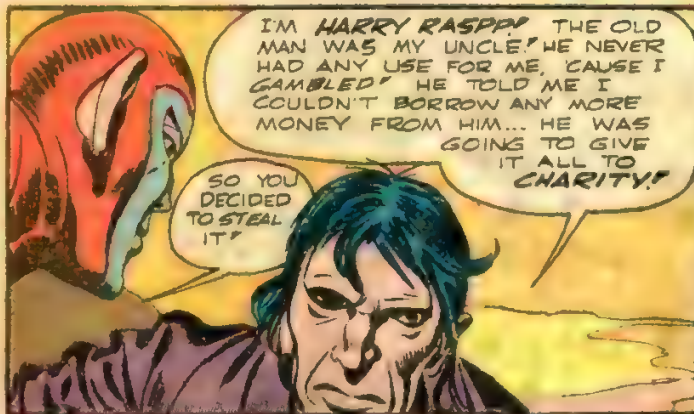
OKAY YOUR WHISKERS ARE GONE... ARE YOU GOING TO TALK?

YOU GOT ME, MANHUNTER!
...I... MIGHT AS WELL!



I'M HARRY RASPP! THE OLD MAN WAS MY UNCLE! WE NEVER HAD ANY USE FOR ME, 'CAUSE I GAMBLED! HE TOLD ME I COULDN'T BORROW ANY MORE MONEY FROM HIM... HE WAS GOING TO GIVE IT ALL TO CHARITY!

SO YOU DECIDED TO STEAL IT?



SURE, WHY NOT? HE WASN'T USIN' IT! I SUSPECTED HE HAD THE DOUGH HIDDEN IN THE BEAR AS SOON AS I SAW IT!

I SEE... AND YOU WORE THOSE WHISKERS SO NO ONE IN THESE PARTS COULD RECOGNIZE YOU!



THAT AFTERNOON, MANHUNTER SOLVES A MYSTERY...

YOU SEE... YOU PRESS THE EYE AND EAR AT THE SAME TIME! THE TWIN'S MUST HAVE HIT BOTH, SIMULTANEOUSLY!

WE CERTAINLY ARE GRATEFUL TO YOU, MANHUNTER!



THE MONEY'S INSIDE... AND HERE'S THE WILL! IT'S JUST AS HARRY SAID... THE MONEY IS LEFT TO CHARITY!

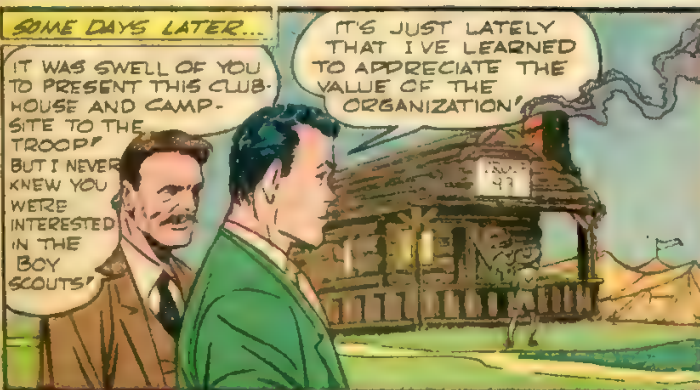
MANHUNTER'S GREAT, EH, TOMMY?



SOME DAYS LATER...

IT WAS SWELL OF YOU TO PRESENT THIS CLUBHOUSE AND CAMPSITE TO THE TROOP! BUT I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE INTERESTED IN THE BOY SCOUTS!

IT'S JUST LATELY THAT I'VE LEARNED TO APPRECIATE THE VALUE OF THE ORGANIZATION!



MANHUNTER
ONCE AGAIN STALKS THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME ON EARTH... MAN! ...IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **ADVENTURE COMICS**

... AND ONCE AGAIN HE BRINGS BACK ALIVE THE MOST DANGEROUS HUMAN QUARRY FROM THEIR LAIRS BEYOND THE LAW...

SANDMAN

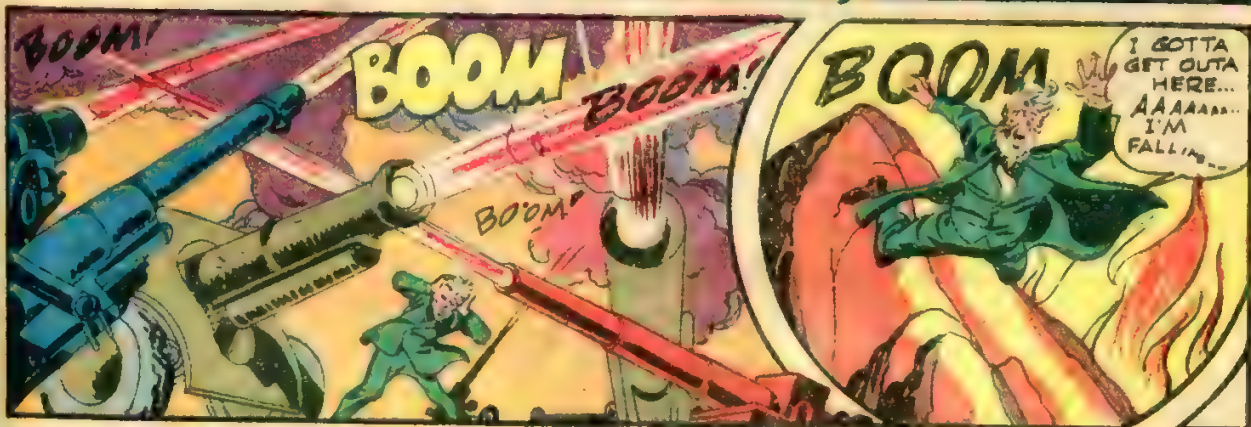
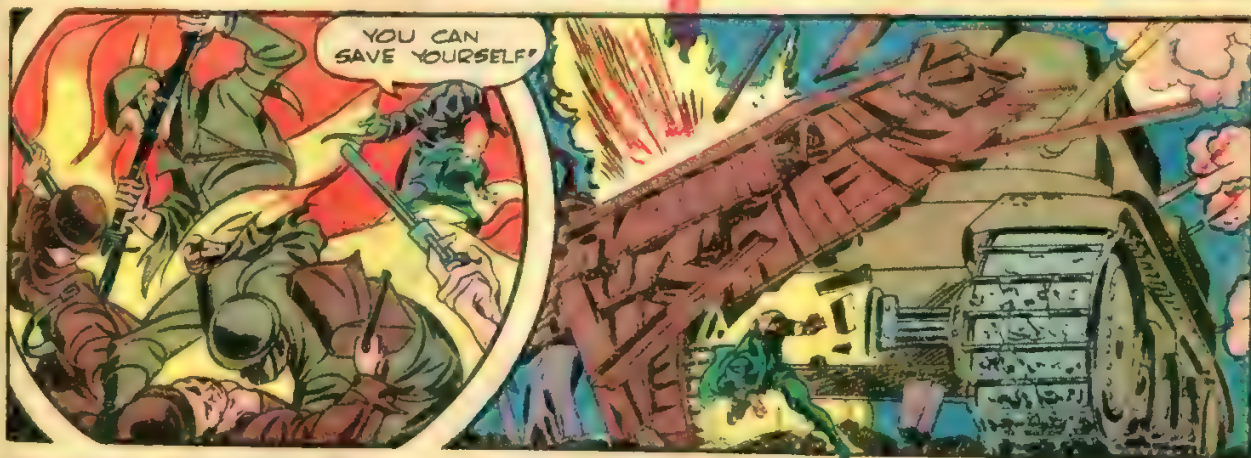
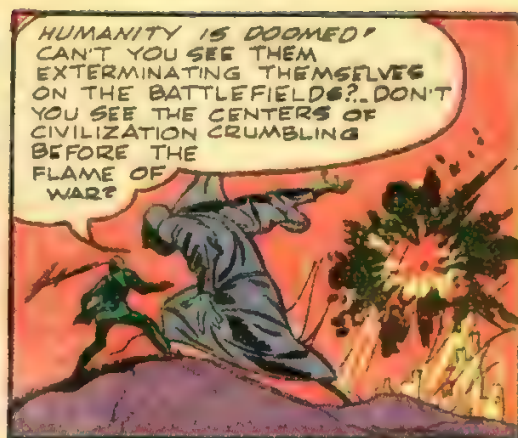
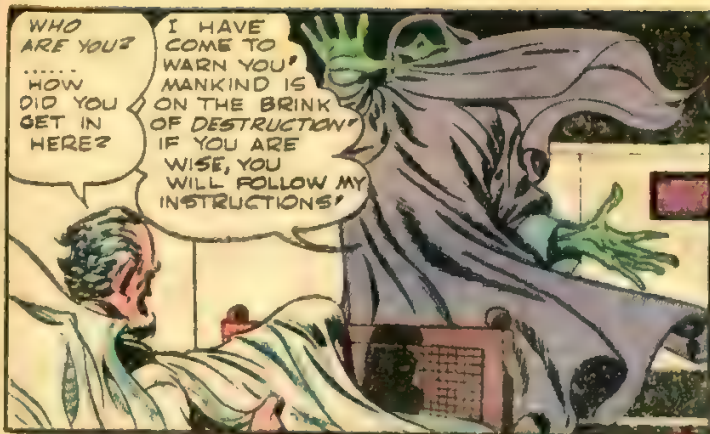
and SANDY

The Golden Boy in

Mr
NOAH
RAIDS
THE
TOWN!

The END OF THE
WORLD IS COMING.
...THAT IS THE CRY OF
THE MODERN NOAH..
SO HE BORROWS A
PAGE FROM HIS NAME-
SAKE, SELECTS HIS
CREW OF ANIMALS AND
BUILDS HIS ARK TO BE-
GIN HIS EXODUS FROM
THE SINFUL, WARTORN
WORLD OF MAN..
...OF COURSE, YOU
WOULDN'T TAKE HIM
SERIOUSLY.. ANOTHER
CRANK, YOU MIGHT SAY..
...BUT THEN, YOU'RE NOT
THE SANDMAN, WHOSE
UNCANNY KNOWLEDGE &
OF HUMAN NATURE MAY
YET LEAD HIM AND HIS
YOUNG FRIEND, SANDY
THE GOLDEN BOY, INTO
ONE OF THEIR MOST
DANGEROUS AND BAF-
FLING ADVENTURES..
FANTASTIC, YOU SAY..
...UTTERLY RIDICULOUS!
WHAT CAN THE SANDMAN
SEE BEHIND THIS HALF-
WIT VENTURE.. BUT
THEN, YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
AN ANIMAL TOTTING A
MACHINE GUN.. OR
HAVE YOU?





THE AVERAGE MAN WOULD DISMISS THE NIGHTMARE AS THE PRODUCT OF A TROUBLED SLEEP... BUT NOAH BARTON IS A MAN OF UNUSUAL TALENT... FOR THIS DREAM HAS CAUSED STRANGE TWISTS IN HIS SINIESTER MIND.



WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?

IF YOU PLEASE, MISS, I WOULD LIKE TO SEE ANY BOOKS YOU HAVE ON THE STORY OF NOAH'S ARK!



Hummmmm... I THINK I SEE A WAY TO CASH IN ON MY DISTURBING LITTLE DREAM!

THE FOLLOWING WEEK, THE POPULACE OF YORK CITY IS STARTLED BY THE APPEARANCE OF A NEW PROPHET!



SCOFF, YE SINNERS! BUT SOON YOUR CITIES WILL BE CONSUMED IN FIRE AND BRIMSTONE.... A GREAT FLOOD WILL WASH AWAY THE REMNANTS OF YOUR SINFUL EXISTENCE!



BE SURE YOU WEAR YOUR RUBBERS WHEN THE FLOOD COMES!

DROP US A POST CARD WHEN YOUR ARK REACHES LAND!

AND SOON AFTER, A HORDE OF TOURISTS AND REPORTERS SWARM TO THE SCENE OF NOAH'S PREPARATIONS...



WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS, NOAH? WHEN DO YOU EXPECT THE FLOOD TO COME?

IS IT TRUE THAT YOU CLAIM YOUR ANIMALS CAN TALK?



ONE AT A TIME, GENTLEMEN! MY JOURNEY WILL BE A LONG AND LONELY ONE... THEREFORE IT HAS BEEN WILLED THAT THE GIFT OF SPEECH BE BESTOWED UPON MY ANIMALS SO THAT THEY MAY BE FIT COMPANIONS FOR ME IN THE WORLD TO COME!

WOW!

ALSO AMONG THE CROWD ARE WE'S DODDS
AND SANDY HAWKINS

WOW! I'VE HEARD
TALL ONES, BUT THIS
PROPHET BEATS 'EM
ALL! TALKING ANIMALS!
D'YA THINK HE'S
CRAZY, WE'S?

POSSIBLY
SANDY?

IF HE IS SANE, I'M SURE HE'S
USING THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY!
KEEP THEM LAUGHING AT
YOU... KEEP THEM
GUESSING?... AND THEN
DRAG OUT YOUR DARK
LITTLE SCHEME AND
STRIKE AT THEM
BEFORE THEY RE-
COVER THEIR SENSES..
... ADOLF HITLER'S
DONE QUITE A BIT
WITH THAT PHILOSOPHY.
... THIS BIRD MAY
BEAR WATCHING!

WITH THE
NOVELTY
OF NOAH'S
ARK
REPLACED
BY MORE
SERIOUS
WAR NEWS
IN THE
HEADLINES,
THE STRANGE
PROPHET IS
FORGOTTEN.
BUT...
A WEEK
LATER,
IN
YORK CITY
AT
MIDNIGHT...

WHERE'S
ELM AVENUE,
OFFICER?

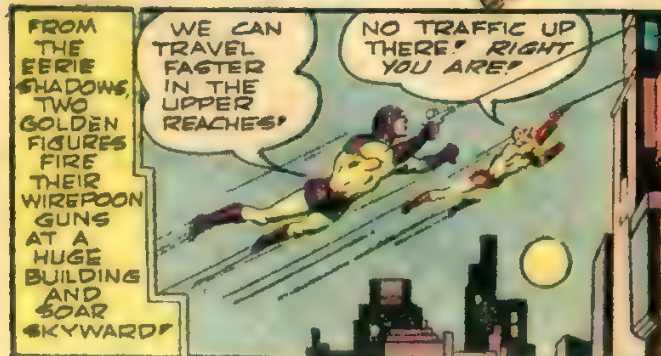
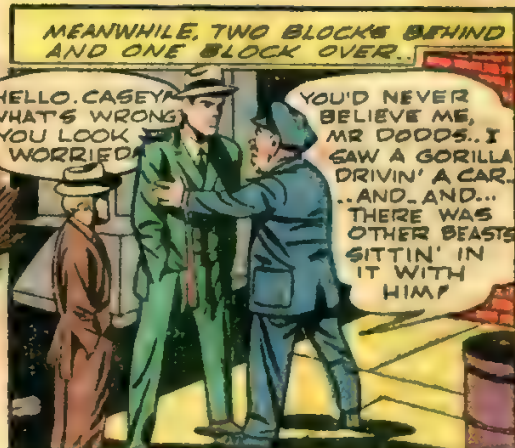
TWO BLOCKS AHEAD
... AND ONE TO THE
RIGHT?

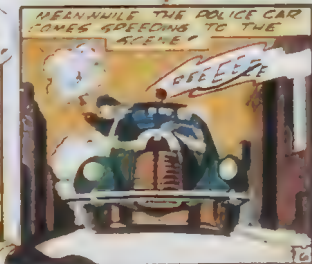
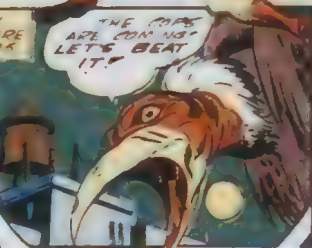
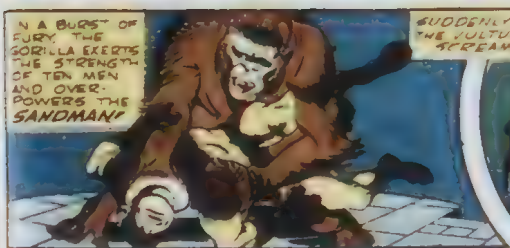
THANKS!

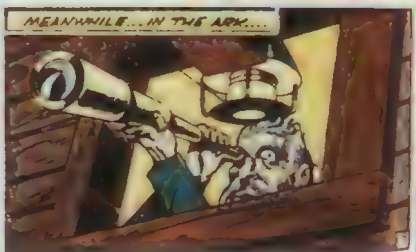
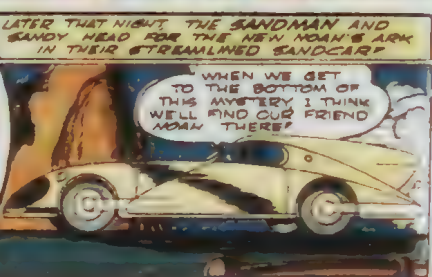
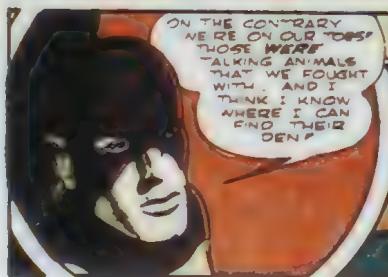
OH, THAT'S
ALL RIGHT!

JUMPIN'
JEEPERS!

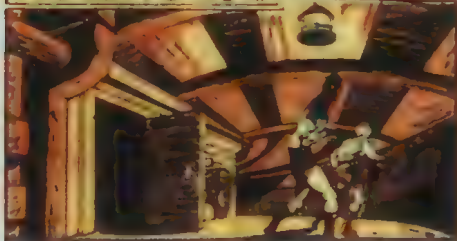
ANIMALS!
... DRIVING A
CAR! ... AN! ...
... AND ASKING
DIRECTIONS!
???







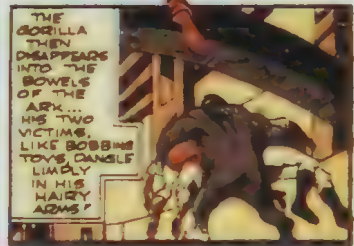
THE TWO GOLDEN CRIME FIGHTERS ENTER THE ARK... UNAWARE OF THE GRIM RECEPTION AWAITING THEM...



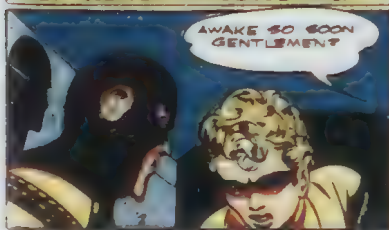
STALING GOSTLY BEHIND THE SANDMAN AND SANDY THE GORILLA REARS UP AND DEALS A BONE-CRUSHING BLOW!

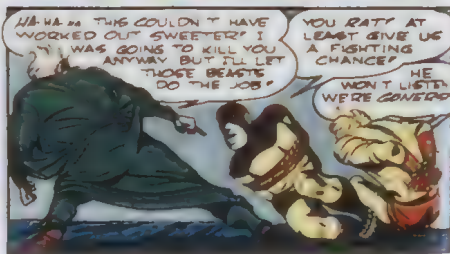
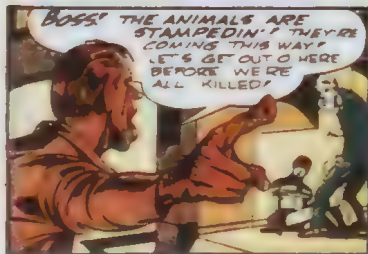
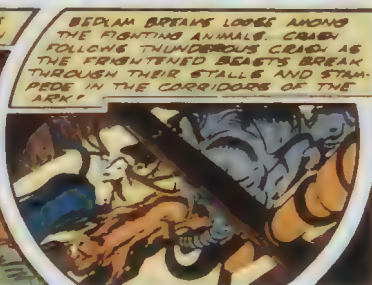
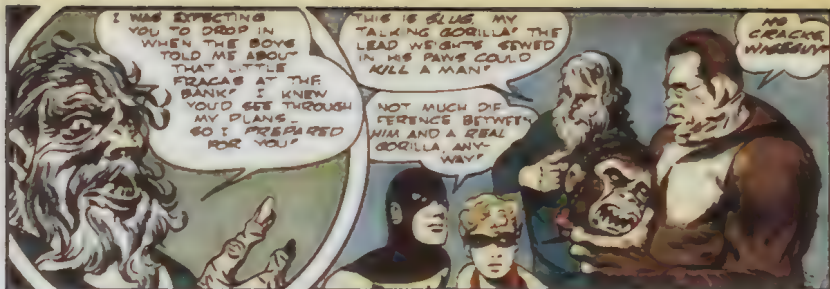


THE SANDMAN IS BATTERED SIMILARLY BY THE SURPRISE ATTACK... SANDY TURNS TO FACE THE SAVAGE MOUNTAIN OF BONE AND MUSCLE!



PAIN AND SURPRISE ARE THE SANDMAN AND SANDY'S FIRST REACTIONS WHEN THEY PROBER CONSCIOUSNESS...





AT THAT MOMENT
THE STAMPEDE
HORDE OF BEASTS
SHRUGS INTO THE
ROOM....

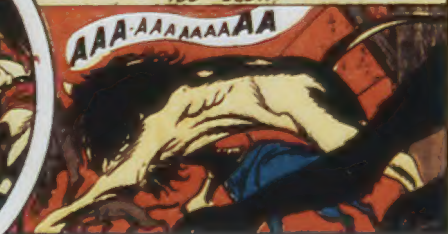


SANDY, IF YOU EVER WORKED FAST IN
YOUR LIFE DO IT NOW! WE'VE
GOT TO GET THESE
ROPS OFF



HUMAN SCREAMS OF APOY DOWN THE CORRIDOR
REVEAL THE FATE OF NOAH AND HIS HENCHMEN,
WHOSE RETRAWS WERE UNFORTUNATELY
TOO SLOW!

AAA-AAAAA

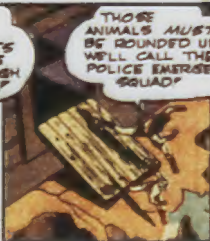


I'M LOOSE! I'LL
HAVE YOU FREE
IN A MINUTE,
KID!

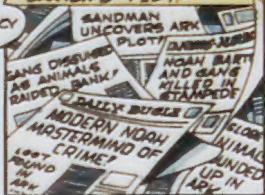


HURRY,
SANDMAN!
THOSE BEASTS
ARE RUNNING
WILD THROUGH
THE SHIP!

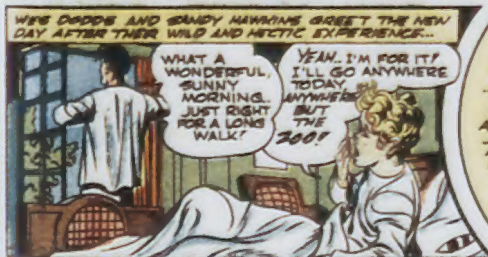
THOSE
ANIMALS MUST
BE ROUNDED UP!
WE'LL CALL THE
POLICE EMERGENCY
SQUAD!



THE NEXT DAY SCREAMING
HEADLINES REVEAL NOAH
BARTON'S PLOT!



WE'VE DODGE AND SANDY HAWKINS GREET THE NEW
DAY AFTER THEIR WILD AND HECTIC EXPERIENCE...

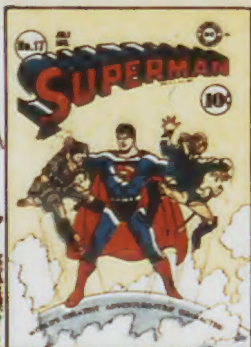


WHAT A
WONDERFUL
SUNNY
MORNING...
JUST RIGHT
FOR A LONG
WALK!

YEAH, I'M FOR IT!
I'LL GO ANYWHERE
TODAY
ANYWHERE
BUT THE
ZOO!

WATCH FOR THE SANDMAN'S
NEW COMPANION FEATURE...
THE BOY COMMANDOS...
A STORY OF BOYS OF ALL NATIONS
FIGHTING FOR A COMMON CAUSE...
FOR LIBERTY AND FREEDOM!

MEET "BROOKLYN" A DEAD-END YANK!
ALFY TWIDGETT... A FIGHTING COONEY,
JAN HAASEN... FROM HOLLAND AND
ANDRE, THE BOY OF FREE FRANCE!
LED BY THEIR CAPTAIN, RIF
CARTER... THE BOY COMMANDOS
APPEAR THIS MONTH AND
EVERY MONTH IN
DETECTIVE COMICS!



LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



NOW ON SALE

PRESENTING
the New **DAISY**

DEFENDER

**1000-
SHOT
MILITARY
MODEL**

Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new **DAISY DEFENDER**... 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cock the **DEFENDER**—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger “On Safety.” You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new **DAISY DEFENDER** looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 36-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Windage Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The **OVAL** stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own Daisy Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near, send us only \$5.00—we'll rush your **DEFENDER** to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)

IN THIS
BEAUTIFUL
CARTON

Featuring

- ★ **MILITARY STYLE GUN SLING**
(For carrying Defender, steadier aiming)★
- ★ **DOUBLE ADJUSTABLE REAR SIGHT** (For Windage... left and right—for Elevation... up or down)★
- ★ **AUTOMATIC BOLT-ACTION SAFETY**
(Cocking puts Safety Bolt on)★
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- ★ **LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION**
(Load 1000-shot in 30 seconds)★
- ★ **OVAL STOCK**—**WALNUT FINISH**

FREE! Send post card for Daisy Air Rifle Catalog and Boy's Manual of Arms (military drills, commands, shooting positions, etc.)—both sent **FREE**. Write now!



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\$3



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THIS TOOTSIE FAN collected 931 pieces of aluminum for defense! Plenty of Tootsie Rolls help keep him on the go..



YOU SHOULD SEE 12-year-old Jean roll bandages. Like a veteran! She gets plenty of food energy from Tootsies!

FOR DEFENSE BUY



BROTHER AND SISTER ACT for the U. S. A. Together they collected over 8,000 pounds of paper. The whole town sure likes them!...and they sure like Tootsie Rolls!



SHE'S ONLY 11. But this bright Tootsie girl persuaded every classmate to buy a Defense Stamp every week! Yes, Tootsies are fuel for brains too!



UNCLE SAM SAYS:

"Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and rich in energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose for quick food-energy!

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY

ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

America's favorite chewy chocolatey candy!

Only Tootsie Pops have a Heart!

FRUITY OUTSIDE!

CHEWY INSIDE!



See the picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open, to show you its heart made of Tootsie Rolls! 8 yummy flavors.



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